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Heroes in the Strife

By the Author of

"Illustrious Abstainers"


600023315K



HEROES IN THE STRIFE.

HEROES IN THE STRIFE;

OR, THE

Temperance Testimonies of some Eminent Men.

BY

FREDERICK SHERLOCK,

AUTHOR OF

"ILLUSTRIOUS ABSTAINERS," ETC.

"In the world's broad field of battle
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle!
Be a Hero in the Strife!"

LONGFELLOW.

SECOND THOUSAND.



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INTRODUCTION.

THE Heroisms of Common Life are worthy of far more consideration than they generally receive. A fierce struggle with the insidious enemy of the morality, health, and happiness of the people, daily engages the best powers of many brave hearts, whose victories, often long delayed, are, in their main essentials, as truly heroic as the grandest conquests ever achieved upon the tented field.

That Intemperance is our national bane, is the concurrent testimony of the leaders of opinion in all ranks of society; but so far, an agreement as to the best means of combating the evil has not been generally recognised. That Total Abstinence is a never-failing remedy is sufficiently obvious to require no enforcement: still the difficulty remains that those who most need a restraining influence, as a rule, refuse to submit themselves to its wholesome control. They have not courage enough to make the heroic resolve :—"In view of the present distress, I will part

company with that fashion which the social customs of the country have fostered for untold generations."

There are, of course, those whose habits of life permit them to become total abstainers without the exercise of any great self-denial, or what we may term the heroic principle. But in many cases—probably the majority of cases—there can be no question the ordeal through which the abstainer has often to pass, demands sturdy determination, unswerving perseverance, and extreme watchfulness. Happily, the object to be attained proves an ample reward for the effort required. Such has been the experience of those "Heroes in the Strife" whose testimonies are given in the following pages,—testimonies which, it should be remembered, have been gained in widely different walks of life.

The friendly welcome accorded to "Illustrious Abstainers" has induced the writer to prepare the present work, in the hope that it may lead some to a knowledge of the truth, that Total Abstinence is suited to all ranks, beneficial under every circumstance, and thoroughly helpful to success in all conditions of life.

Failing this, to borrow the words of the foremost thinker of our time, "One comfort is, that Great Men taken up in any way, are profitable company. We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great

man, without gaining something by him. He is the living light-fountain, which it is good and pleasant to be near. The light which enlightens, which has enlightened the darkness of the world: and this, not as a kindled lamp only, but rather as a natural luminary shining by the gift of Heaven; a flowing light-fountain, as I say, of native original insight, of manhood and heroic nobleness;—in whose radiance all souls feel that it is well with them. On any terms whatsoever, you will not grudge to wander in such neighbourhood for a while."

THULE LODGE, BLACKHEATH, S.E.
November 1880.

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I.

JOHN BRIGHT, M.P.,

The Free Trade Orator.

I.

"Who would true valour see,
Let him come hither;
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather."

BUNYAN.

"THERE is much shower and sunshine between the sowing of the seed and the reaping of the harvest, but the harvest *is* reaped after all," said John Bright in a memorable speech in the House of Commons some twelve years ago, and the observation most fittingly pictures the life-story of its eloquent author. The showers, one might almost say the storms which have gathered over the head of "the people's Tribune," have often been furious, but the sturdy Saxon has remained steadfast and immovable through all, so that no one can say "honest John" has ever been disloyal to those principles of Liberty, Equality, and Freedom, which he espoused in his earliest youth, and in connection with which his name will be undyingly remembered.

There can be little question that among the foremost public men of Victoria's glorious reign, few approach John Bright in those noble qualities which so worthily excite the admiration and command the affection of the populace. His spotless integrity, unfailing courage, and consistent fidelity to great con-

victions, have combined to build for him an exalted reputation which "stands four-square to all the winds that blow."

Mr. Bardsley, in one of his ever-entertaining chapters on the "Curiosities of Puritan Nomenclature," tells us that in forty-nine church registers out of fifty, throughout the length and breadth of England, there will not be found a single instance of a double Christian name previous to the year 1700.

Many stories have arisen upon these double names. A Mr. Gray, bearing the once familiar Christian name of Anketil, wanted the certificate of his baptism. The register was carefully searched—in vain; the neighbouring registers were as thoroughly scanned—in vain. Again the first register was referred to, and upon a closer investigation he was found entered as Ann Kettle Gray.

Not very long ago a child was brought to the font for baptism. "What name?" asked the parson. "John," was the reply. "Anything else?" "John *h*only," said the godparent, putting in an "h" where it was not needed. "John Honly, I baptize thee," etc., continued the clergyman, thus thrown off his guard. The child was entered with the double name.

Mr. Bright is to the world the "John only" of his family. Abrahams, Jacobs, Marthas, Marys, have been traced out by those who have busied themselves with the great reformer's genealogy, but "honest John" is of course the supreme centre of attraction, alike to the antiquarian and to the historian.

At the beginning of the last century, at a place still called Bright's Farm, near Lyneham, in Wiltshire,

one Abraham Bright married a Martha Jacobs, a Jewess. Shortly afterwards they removed to Coventry, where their son William was born. He was the grandfather of a Jacob Bright, who took up his residence in Rochdale, Lancashire, in 1796. This Jacob married Martha Wood (the daughter of a respectable Bolton tradesman), and they became the parents of the illustrious statesman. The father commenced life as a working weaver at a weekly wage of six shillings, and by persevering energy, succeeded in pushing his way forward to a position of comparative affluence. The business founded by the humble weaver at Greenbank, Rochdale, continues to exist; and under the enterprising direction of his sons, and subsequently of their sons, has developed into a concern of considerable magnitude and importance.

John was born at Rochdale on November 16th, 1811. He was educated principally at the Ackworth school of the Society of Friends, and was as a boy exceedingly fond of athletic sports. Football, cricket, and swimming, were among his favourite pastimes, and the world knows how, in his later years, he has sought restful recreation in the skilful exercise of Izaak Walton's "gentle art."

The upright example of his good father, and the pious and devoted influence of his loving mother, did much to train the character of the distinguished statesman. The picture of the busy wife helping her husband in his book-keeping, in the company of her daughters visiting the sick and poor of the neighbourhood, and holding cottage meetings in the evenings for the instruction of the young women of the neighbourhood, enables us to trace the source of that

earnest and disinterested sympathy with the industrial classes, which her famous son has so nobly shown.

Many anecdotes are current in Rochdale touching these early days; let one suffice. One day, when the future M.P. was toddling by his mother's side in the dignity and glory of his first new suit of clothes, they were met by a poor widow and a ragged little boy about the same age as little John. On hearing the sad story the woman told, they all went back to Mrs. Bright's house, and the brand new raiment was taken off and given to the ragged boy, who has since grown up to be worthy of the sacrifice; and though now a councillor and guardian, is still proud of the fact that he wore the first new suit of the people's friend and Her Majesty's Minister—the Right Hon. John Bright.

Three years ago, in delivering the prizes and certificates to the successful students of the Science and Art Classes promoted by the Rochdale Equitable Pioneers' Society, Mr. Bright gave a glowing picture of his boyhood's hours. After assuring his hearers that there was hardly anybody who knew less of Science and Art than he did, a confession which seemed to amuse more than edify his fellow-townsmen, the speaker continued :—

"Fifty years ago, when I was at school, people did not teach anything about Art or about Science. I was at a school in this town when I was a very small boy. After leaving this town I was at no less than four of what were called very respectable and sufficient boarding schools in that day, but I never heard anything there, to my present recollection, about Science, and very little about Art.

"The last of the schools I was at was the one with regard to which I have most pleasant recollections, for it was situated in a very nice valley, and by the side of a very pleasant river, and studies were not forced upon us with undue harshness, but we spent a good deal of time in birds'-nesting and fishing in the river Hodder, chiefly for trout, and frequently during the summer months in bathing and swimming in one of the pools of that pleasant stream. I did not get much of what was called education. What I got was something—I had almost said far better, for I got, I believe, whatever store of good health I have had from that time to this."

Having thus thoroughly aroused the sympathies of his audience, the orator in his own masterly manner turned his personal experiences to their advantage, by adding—

"But then, if one cannot understand Science and Art, one can at least admire them and value them. You have read poems, I have many, from which I derived intense pleasure, but I could not comprehend at all how the poet had originated those pictures which he described, and I could not tell how it was, after having originated the pictures in his mind, he put the language together so beautifully to describe them. I could not comprehend how it was done, but I could admire the poem and read it, and feed my mind and my spirit with the beautiful things which it placed before me; and so with regard to Science, we may know very little of it, but we have a great appreciation of it, and of all those persons who have advanced it and placed it at the service of mankind."

Before he was out of his teens Mr. Bright had made

a local reputation as a speaker. It is true that, at the time referred to, there was nothing of exceptional brilliance in his addresses, but the marked depth of his feelings, coupled with the shrewd sagacity of his judgment, gave promise of a life of future usefulness, which has been more than fulfilled.

In 1831 he made his first entry into political life. The agitation for Reform was then being pressed forward with intense earnestness, and the memory of Peterloo quickened the energies of the Lancashire leaders, and indeed served on the lips of impassioned speakers to allure many youthful enthusiasts to the banner of popular freedom.

In the following year John Bright made perhaps the most memorable journey of his life—he went to London for the first time. He has given a graphic sketch of the event, full of social and political interest, from which we quote the following:—

"In 1832, the first time I went to London," he tells us, "I went outside a stage-coach called the Peveril of the Peak, and it started from Market Street in Manchester at eight o'clock in the evening—a four-horse coach, admirably managed and horsed—and we arrived in London at five o'clock the next afternoon. It happened to be the very night when the House of Lords was discussing the second reading of the great Reform Bill, and during the 14th April—I think it was as we were travelling along the road—some passenger observed something coming towards us, but still in the distance, and we all looked with great interest. We saw horses galloping and carriages coming at a speed which would quickly have left behind our coach if they had been going the same way. By-and-by

we found they were chaises with four horses in each chaise, having two or three men inside, and they were throwing out placards from each window. These were express chaises coming from London, bringing the news to all the people of the country—for there were no telegraphs then—of the glorious triumph of popular principles even in the House of Lords. I do not know how long it sat the previous night, but it was not till seven in the morning that the House divided, and the second reading of the great measure was carried by a majority of nine votes.

"It has always been to me a pleasure to think of the excitement this incident caused among us coach passengers when we found what was the business and the message of those gentlemen in the expresses. Then, I say, we were twenty-one hours in going. Now if you go from Manchester to London you are five hours on the journey. We paid for our place on the coach for London £3 10s., I think; now we go by first class for 25s. When I left the rain was pouring down, and I was outside the coach, and the rain poured down for hours; whereas now we all go under cover and as comfortably as if we were sitting in our own houses. This is a marvellous change, which we owe entirely to Science. In my opinion the debt we owe to the engineers can never be repaid and never be over-estimated."

The somewhat prosaic origin of the Anti-Corn Law League, its rapid progress, no less than its crowning triumphs, mark an inspiriting epoch in the political history of England. Unaided by the pomp and circumstance of courtly influence, it neither coveted compassion nor feared contempt. It was

during his early connection with this movement that John Bright became publicly associated with the noble-hearted Richard Cobden.

We are told that "Bright and Cobden first met when the former one day walked into Alderman Cobden's office in Manchester, and asked the popular leader of public opinion to address an Educational meeting at Rochdale. Mr. Cobden consented, and fulfilled his promise. He spoke with his usual effect, and in due time he listened. John Bright was one of the speakers of the evening, and Cobden was so struck with him that he asked him to appear as often as possible at meetings in favour of the repeal of the Corn Laws."

The number seven has often been a subject of quaint speculation to the curious, and in the already abnormally long list of wonderful events which gather round the mystic seven, a place should surely be found for the seven men of Preston who signed the first total-abstinence pledge, and also for the seven men of Manchester who instituted the Corn Law Association. Albeit five of these latter were Scotsmen, who had settled in Cottonopolis, and who carried with them the instinctive hatred of oppression, which is characteristic of their race.

W. A. Cunningham, Andrew Dalzell, James Leslie, Archibald Prentis, Philip Thomson, these, with William Rawson, and John Bright met in October 1838, and formulated the "revolutionary craze." On the 12th October, the Manchester papers contained advertisements giving a list of the members of the provisional committee of the association. The second name in the roll of honour was that of John Bright. Before many days had elapsed, the princely sum of

£11,000 had been guaranteed, and steps were at once taken to send a small army of able lecturers throughout the country, charged with the task of educating the people to embrace the resolutions of the League, as expressive of feelings which had long been waiting a means of adequate expression.

Three years later, at the age of thirty, Mr. Bright lost his wife. Cobden was at his side in the hour of trial, and said, "Come with me, and we will never rest until we have repealed the Corn Laws." The invitation was accepted, and from the consecration of that solemn hour may be dated a friendship which has had few parallels.

A glance through the journals of forty years ago, or better still, a perusal of the burning appeals of "the Corn Law Rhymer," Ebenezer Elliot, will enable the reader to appreciate in some degree the intense heat of the political atmosphere of that day. A bloodless revolution, an insurrection in which human life was held sacred, a battle in which the weapons of the victors were but the words of truth and soberness,—such was the campaign in which Cobden and Bright laboured; and when the thickest of the fray was over, and the elder of the two fell on sleep, his great colleague's grief was compressed in the heart-touching sentence, "I little knew how much I loved him, until I found that I had lost him."

What the nation thinks of the labours of Cobden and Bright has been shown in a variety of ways; and the spontaneous action which at the close of the Corn Law Agitation resulted in the subscription of some £5,000, wherewith 1,200 volumes were purchased and

presented to Mr. Bright, was a tribute of which any man might be proud.

It would be difficult to estimate the influence which has been exerted by Mr. Bright's presence in Parliament. In 1843 he unsuccessfully contested Durham, but in less than four months there was again a vacancy in the representation of the northern city, and this time he wooed the suffrages of the electors with success. His maiden speech was spoken in the House on August 7th, 1843, and was in the advocacy of Free Trade. Four years later he retired from Durham, and became a member for Manchester, which he represented for ten years.

During this period his voice was steadily raised in favour of many of the measures of Reform which came before the country; but the circumstance which is most closely associated with his name, is the position which he essayed to take with regard to the Crimean War. Mr. Bright felt constrained to think for himself. He was utterly unable to "go with the times" in the war feeling which then stirred England to its heart's core. As a consequence, he was for the time ostracised, and to point the angry jest at Bright, and mercilessly taunt the peace-loving Friend, as a propounder of unpatriotic nostrums, became a pleasure which not a few of his countrymen speedily persuaded themselves to be a solemn duty. Standing in the House of Commons, he had the courage to declare that the war could not be justified out of the documents, and added, with startling significance, "Impartial history will teach this to posterity, if we do not understand it now." His oration upon the occasion in question has long been ranked among the

most sublime conceptions of our time, and even his opponents were stilled into silence as he told them: "The Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the very beating of his wings. There is no one to sprinkle with blood the lintel and the sideposts of our doors, that he may spare and pass on; but he calls at the castle of the noble, the mansion of the wealthy, equally as at the cottage of the humble; and it is on behalf of all these classes that I make this solemn appeal."

This speech, however, cost him his seat, and at the next general election he was rejected by Manchester, and left out in the cold.

Although Mr. Bright's oratorical gifts have of course found their chief exercise in criticising the opinions of those to whom he is politically opposed, occasions have not been wanting in which he has as freely rebuked the views of the party with whom he is prominently identified. A notable instance of this kind is furnished by the proceedings of the Reform League in 1866. At a meeting held in St. James's Hall, Mr. Bright, on the motion for a vote of thanks to the chairman, publicly expressed his dissent from an attack made upon the Queen by a previous speaker.

"I am not accustomed," said he, "to stand up for those who are possessors of crowns. But, I think there has been, by many persons, a great injustice done to the Queen, in reference to her desolate and widowed position. And I venture to say this, that a woman, be she the Queen of a great realm or the wife of one of your labouring men, who can keep alive in her heart a great sorrow for the lost object of her life

and her affections, is not at all likely to be wanting in a great and generous sympathy with you."

In 1867 the death of Mr. Muntz created a vacancy in the representation of Birmingham, and Mr. Bright was once more sent back to St. Stephen's. At every subsequent appeal to the country he has been re-elected, and so far as one may judge, the seat is at his command unreservedly. During the progress of the abolition of slavery, Mr. Bright made some of his most brilliant speeches. When the issues of the conflict were yet deemed afar off, his penetrating sagacity induced him to sound a cheering word of encouragement to President Lincoln and his gallant compatriots, which stands as a masterpiece of eloquence. After remarking that Mr. Gladstone believed the cause of the North to be hopeless, he proceeded :—

"I have another and a far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be a vision, but I will cherish it. I see one vast confederation stretching from the frozen North in unbroken line to the glowing South, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calmer waters of the Pacific main ; and I see one people and one language, and one law and one faith, and over all that wide continent the home of freedom, and a refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime."

It is among the glories of the Temperance movement, that in the days of its early struggles it had an enthusiastic advocate in the now world-famous orator. At a time when the clergy and medical men were, as a rule, hostile to the reform, and when the press was absolutely arrayed against every attack upon the drinking customs of the community,

it required no little heroism to take the public platform to proclaim temperance principles. Mr. Bright boldly plunged into the strife, and this, too, with a determination to know nothing of defeat, as is well illustrated by the following incident, for which I am indebted to a writer in the *Temperance Record.*

"At the age of nineteen the reformer commences his public career by attacking the greatest of all evils, intemperance. He begins his great life work by trying to remove the wrong that lay close around him, and by making warfare against the most ruinous and besetting sin of his own neighbourhood, and thus we learn, to the honour of his name, that he, with other gentlemen, first introduced the cause of temperance into Rochdale in 1830. Meetings were soon held in the villages surrounding the town, and it was at one of these gatherings, to expound and advocate the principles of temperance, that Mr. Bright first spoke in the Unitarian Schoolroom at Catley-land Head, near Healey. 'On the way there,' we are told 'that he and his friend, Mr. Oliver Ormerod, recited to each other their prepared speeches, and it was arranged between them, that they were to prompt each other if there were any likelihood of a breakdown. The room was crowded, and Mr. Bright in beginning his address, was very nervous, but gained confidence as he proceeded, and delivered his speech with effect, and was warmly applauded.'

"The second time Mr. Bright spoke in public was at Lower-place, in the old Wesleyan Chapel. It got noised abroad in the town that a number of 'unfledged speakers' were going to 'spout' on temperance, and the place was crowded long before the time for com-

mencing the meeting, and the people were not disappointed, for Mr. Bright and his friends acquitted themselves creditably. In his third speech he attempted a loftier strain, but broke down. It was his intention to introduce the upas tree in the course of his speech, to illustrate the deadly effects of intoxicating drink. But when he came to that part where he intended to introduce the figure he forgot the name of the tree, and after beating about the bush, he was compelled to turn round to his friend Mr. Oliver Ormerod to ask, 'What is next, Oliver?' The audience, as may be supposed, roared with laughter."

Another incident is related about these early days of the Temperance struggle. Mr. Bright, armed with a large bell to summon the inhabitants to a temperance meeting, accompanied a deputation to Rawtenstall. The advocate, who was a young man, and only a novice at public speaking, broke down in his address. Whereupon Mr. Bright stepped into the breach, and spoke with much fervour and pathos. A drunken reprobate of the village hearing the address, was so overpowered by the line of argument, that he resolved to drink no more intoxicating liquors, and lead a more praiseworthy life. He kept his promise, and became a highly respectable member of society.

Mr. P. T. Winskill of Warrington, who is preparing for the press a "Comprehensive History of the Temperance Movement," has supplied me with the following memoranda, which is not without interest in this connection. I may premise that the Mr. Logan referred to is the excellent William Logan whose popular work, "The Early Heroes of the Temperance Reformation," constitutes his best memorial.

"In 1840," says Mr. Winskill, "Mr. Logan accepted an invitation to start a town mission in Rochdale. At this time Mr. John Bright was taking an interest in the Temperance movement, and Mr. Logan accompanied him to address a meeting in one of the villages of the neighbourhood.

"This was," says the *Scottish League Journal*, "the somewhat famous occasion when he, who now stands in the foremost ranks of British Orators, nearly broke down. That was not the only time when Mr. Logan accompanied Mr. Bright to temperance meetings, when the latter took up the economical, and the former the social aspect of the question."

At the Seventh Annual Conference of the British Temperance Association, held at Huddersfield, July 1841, John Bright, Esq., of Rochdale, and John Wade, Esq., of Hull, were elected Vice-Presidents of the association.

At the Eighth Annual Conference of this association, which was held at Rochdale, July 1842, John Bright, Esq., was elected President, which office he held until July 1844, when he resigned. During his presidency the Conference was honoured at York, in July 1843, with the presence of the "Great Irish Apostle of Temperance," the illustrious Father Mathew.

Mr. Bright's early connection with the Temperance movement naturally leads us to consider the stand which he now takes upon the question. Only a few months ago he assured the writer of his continued interest in the movement, although his views as to the best means of helping it forward have undergone some modification. It is, however, worthy of note

that the right honourable gentleman has not only spoken from his place in Parliament, in support of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's resolution in favour of "Local Option," but has also registered his vote in its favour.

It would form a deeply interesting and profitable study to collate the many references to the Temperance question which abound in Mr. Bright's published speeches; such, for example, as his friendly hint to the working-man, that the saving of the twopence halfpenny daily wasted in the pint of beer, would provide a decent library of standard authors at a year's end; but we must content ourselves with an extract from his address at the Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends, held in London in May 1874. Upon the occasion referred to, a discussion took place upon some suggestions that the Meeting should take political action in favour of Temperance principles.

Mr. Bright remarked: "He had during many years been urged to take these questions under his notice, and he had been induced to look very carefully into what was the mode in which this evil could be touched. He believed it would never be touched unless the thoughtful, serious men, beginning with the ministers of the Gospel, and all those who went to places of worship for other reasons than fashion, should regard the great evil of intemperance as one of the greatest evils they have to overcome. If the ministers in the churches would drink, a good many of their congregations would favour this evil in consequence. He had come to the opinion that unless the religious portion of the community would take up this question, there was no hope for it whatever. Lately in Convocation

they had discussed the question. In Scotland it had been discussed. A large body of Independent ministers had taken it up. Among the Wesleyan body it had been taken up. But until all ministers took it up, he did not think it possible to touch it at all."

The awakening of the Christian Church, as indicated by Mr. Bright, has happily proved itself a great reality. It is safe to say, that nearly all denominations in Christendom are now identified with the Temperance movement, and it cannot be questioned, that the honourable rivalry which exists between the several Church Temperance organisations, has produced results far reaching in their influence, and thoroughly helpful to the religious life of the nation.

Another extract from the same speech shows Mr. Bright's relation to Temperance in a manner which is specially valuable. What is his practice at home, is thus answered in his own words. After observing that one friend had said he had not taken intoxicating drinks for thirty-five years, Mr. Bright continued :—

"He would not say, he (Mr. Bright) had abstained for so long, but for thirty-four years—from the time he became a householder—he had not bought any wine or spirituous liquor whatever. He had in his house no decanters, and he thought he had no wine-glasses, and had not had them since 1839, when he took to house-keeping. It had cost him some inconveniences and trouble, but altogether he had had no occasion to regret the steps he then took, whilst he might say, that if he had again to live those thirty-four years, he sometimes doubted whether he should, considering the difference occasioned thereby,

take such a step again. He did not therefore profess to be better than other people. He believed that it would be an advantage which no words in our language would be at all adequate to describe, if those who tried to do anything for their fellows would try to bring about a current of national opinion in favour of abstinence from a source of so much evil."

Those last few words were indeed worthy of the man and the work. Currents are influenced by the tiniest drops, and a friendly word here and there may, under God's blessing, prove the seed of a perpetual harvest. The safest, surest, simplest, and soundest way, however, to bring about "the current of national opinion in favour of abstinence from a source of so much evil," for which England's foremost orator pleads, is to aid it by personal example.

Happy will it be for the nation, when her young men and maidens, old men and children, take seriously to heart the life-lesson which is enshrined in the glowing lines of the poet laureate :—

> "Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
> These three alone lead life to sovereign power,"—

a lesson which no living celebrity has more thoroughly mastered, than John Bright.

II.

JOHN WESLEY,

The Founder of Methodism.

II.

"A fervent Methodist
Is preaching to no heedless flock!"
WORDSWORTH.

"I LOOK upon all the world as my parish," is one of the treasured sayings of the Founder of Methodism. Faith, hope, and charity irradiate the golden sentence, which assuredly could have no grander crown than that which is afforded by the religious statistics of the day. A recognised membership in Great Britain alone of nearly three hundred and seventy-seven thousand souls,—missionary stations supplied with native trained teachers in France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Malta, Ceylon, Madras, Calcutta, Canton, the Cape of Good Hope, Graham's-Town, Bloemfontein, Natal, the Gold Coast, Yoruba, to say nothing of the vast following in Australia, America, and New Zealand,—such are to be counted among the results flowing from the life of one noble-hearted Englishman, whose only ambition was to glorify God, whose greatest joy was "the gay remembrance of a life well spent."

The late George Dawson's eloquent eulogium cannot be too often recalled:—"He was liberal, upright, noble, charitable, and wise. He has never had justice done him as one of the educators of the people. He

was afraid of ignorance, dreaded fanaticism, told his preachers to study, and made them do it. And this great man, who preached the wide world through almost, lived till his wide heart was apostolic; and, having literally preached under the trees of his youth, he died, his sect covering England, stretching to America, being found in almost every country of the civilized world. And probably this man called more people in England to wakefulness and watchfulness than any other man."

The Master's testimony, "She hath done what she could," teaches something more than a lesson of toleration; and Wesley's life supplies an inspiriting example of the great things which may be accomplished by whole-hearted loyalty—"doing all we can"—for one given object.

John Wesley was born at Epworth, Lincolnshire, on June 14th, 1703. His father, the vicar of the parish, was a man of superior learning and of stern integrity, whose happy death is "a strong proof that he walked in all good conscience before God." His mother, Mrs. Susanna Wesley, was the daughter of Dr. Samuel Annesley, and was a woman "of extraordinary sense and piety." She was particularly led to interest herself in John, who, when about six years old, had a providential escape from being burned to death upon the parsonage being consumed. It was an evening in February between eleven and twelve o'clock that the fire was discovered. The great preacher often referred to the exciting incident in after life.

"I remember," he writes, "all the circumstances as distinctly as though it were but yesterday. Seeing

the room was very light, I called to the maid to take me up; but none answering, I put my head out of the curtains, and saw streaks of fire on the top of the room. I got up, and ran to the door, but could get no further, all the floor beyond it being in a blaze. I then climbed up on a chest which stood near the window: one in the yard saw me, and proposed running to fetch a ladder. Another answered, 'There will be no time; but I have thought of another expedient. Here, I will fix myself against the wall: lift a light man, and set him on my shoulders.' They did so; and he took me out at the window. Just then the whole roof fell; but it fell inward, or we had all been crushed at once. When they brought me into the house where my father was, he cried out, 'Come, neighbours, let us kneel down: let us give thanks to God! He has given me all my eight children: let the house go: I am rich enough!'"

The next day, as he was walking in the garden, and surveying the ruins of the house, he picked up part of a leaf of his Polyglot Bible, on which just these words were legible: *Vade; vende omnia quæ habes, et attolle crucem et sequere me*—"*Go; sell all that thou hast, and take up thy cross and follow Me.*"

In his eleventh year Wesley was placed at the Charterhouse, where he was noticed for his diligence and progress, and where he became a favourite with the master, Dr. Walker, on account of his quietness, regularity, and application.

From the Charterhouse he was removed to Christ Church College, Oxford, where he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts. In the year 1724 he was elected

Fellow of Lincoln College; and two years after this he took the degree of Master of Arts. He became his father's curate in August 1727, an appointment which he soon afterwards relinquished upon the advice of Dr. Morley, the rector of his college, in order to become a tutor at Oxford. He was nominated Greek Lecturer and Moderator of the Classes, offices which were highly congenial to his tastes. Of his pupils he took the greatest care, accounting himself not only responsible for them to their parents and the community, but to God. He laboured not only to make them scholars, but Christians also; and to that end wrote a form of prayers for them for every day in the week.

He tells us that in 1729 he "began not only to read, but to study the Bible, as the one, the only standard of truth, and the only model of pure religion." About this time an earnest Christian man whom he had travelled many miles to see, said, "Sir, you wish to serve God and go to heaven. Remember, you cannot serve Him alone. You must therefore find companions, or make them; the Bible knows nothing of solitary religion." He never forgot this, and upon his return to the University spoke to his brother Charles, Whitefield, Hervey, and one or two other friends, the result being that about fifteen of them, all of one heart and of one mind, were formed into an association for mutual communion and edification.

Being so zealous of good works they soon began to be ridiculed by the wits of the University, under the appellation of Sacramentarians, the Godly Club, and afterwards of Methodists. The last title was given them by a Fellow of Merton College, in allusion to an ancient college of physicians at Rome, who were

remarkable for putting their patients under regimen, and were therefore called "Methodistæ."

Wesley's father feeling the infirmities of age creeping on apace, pressed him with great earnestness to secure interest for the next presentation to the living of Epworth, but he was so wedded to the advantages he enjoyed among chosen companions at Oxford that he could not be persuaded to consent.

In 1735 he was strongly solicited by Dr. Burton, one of the trustees of the new colony at Georgia, to go there to preach to the Indians. This he at first refused, and when some of his objections were silenced, he mentioned the grief it might occasion his mother.

"I am," said he, "the staff of her age, her chief support and comfort." He was asked, in reply, "Will you go, if your mother's consent can be obtained?" This he thought impossible: however, he permitted the trial, settling it in his heart that, if she were willing, he would receive it as the call of God. Her answer was worthy of the mother and the son:—"Had I," said she, "twenty sons, I should rejoice that they were all so employed, though I should never see them more."

On October 14th Wesley embarked at Gravesend, and was accompanied by his brother Charles, Mr. Benjamin Ingham of Queen's College, Oxford, and Mr. Charles Delamotte, son of a London merchant.

"Our end in leaving our native country was not to avoid want (God having given us plenty of temporal blessings), nor to gain the dung and dross of riches and honour, but singly this, to save our souls, to live wholly to the glory of God." Accordingly, the two following days were employed in exhorting one

another "to shake off every weight, and to run with patience the race set before them."

"Believing," says Wesley, "the denying ourselves in the smallest instance might, by the blessing of God, be helpful to us, we wholly left off the use of flesh and wine, and confined ourselves to vegetable food, chiefly rice and biscuit."

It was during this voyage that Wesley administered his memorable reproof to General Oglethorpe. One day, hearing an unusual noise in the cabin, he stepped in to inquire the cause. "Mr. Wesley," said the General, "you must excuse me, I have met with a provocation too great for man to bear. You know the only wine I drink is Cyprus wine, as it agrees with me the best of any. I therefore provided myself with several dozen of it, and this villain, Grimaldi" (his foreign servant, who was present, and almost dead with fear), "has drunk up the whole of it. But I will be revenged of him. I have ordered him to be tied hand and foot, and to be carried to the man-of-war which sails with us. The rascal should have taken care how he used me so, for *I never forgive.*" "Then I hope, sir," said Mr. Wesley, looking calmly at him, "*you never sin.*" The General was quite confounded by the reproof; and, putting his hand into his pocket, took out a bunch of keys, which he threw at Grimaldi, saying, "There, villain, take my keys, and behave better for the future."

For nearly four months they were upon the great waters, and more than once the sea broke over them from stem to stern. Upon arriving on the American shore, a thanksgiving service was held, and several parts of the chapter read (Mark vi.) were wonderfully

suited to the occasion. For nearly two years Wesley remained in Savannah, but all this time the Indian tribes were in a state of ferment, and he vainly endeavoured to secure an opportunity for proclaiming his mission. Meanwhile he was occupied in ministering to a small congregation in Savannah, and found so much to do, that he was able to declare, "Leisure and I have taken leave of one another; I propose to be as busy as long as I live, if my health is so long indulged to me."

In 1738 he returned to England. Frequent conversations with a sincere German friend, Peter Bohler, made a deep impression upon Wesley's mind, Bohler's affirmation of true faith in Christ being, "Dominion over sin, and constant peace from a sense of forgiveness," which came almost as a revelation of a new Gospel. "On a bright May morning, I think it was at about five o'clock," writes Wesley, "I opened my Testament on those words, 'Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, that by these ye might be partakers of the Divine nature' (2 Peter i. 4). Just as I went out, I opened it again on those words, 'Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.' In the afternoon I was asked to go to St. Paul's. The anthem was, 'Out of the deep have I called unto Thee, O Lord: Lord, hear my voice. O let Thine ears consider well the voice of my complaint. If Thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss, O Lord, who may abide it? But there is mercy with Thee, therefore Thou shalt be feared. O Israel, trust in the Lord; for with the Lord there is mercy, and with Him is plenteous redemption. And He shall redeem Israel from all his sins.'

"In the evening I went very unwillingly to a society in Aldersgate Street, where one was reading Luther's Preface to the Epistle to the Romans. About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation; and an assurance was given me, 'That He had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death.'"

Under these various exercises of mind he retired for a short time to Germany, where he was hospitably entertained by Count Zinzendorf and the leaders of the Moravian Church.

He returned to London fully determined to reconsecrate himself to the work of proclaiming the message of salvation. To the poor prisoners in Newgate, in the Minories, in Fetter Lane, and at St. John's, Clerkenwell, he was enabled to preach strong words, insomuch that he feared, "they will bear me there no longer."

In the spring of 1739 he joined his friend Whitefield at Bristol, and finding the rooms could not contain a tenth part of the people that were earnest to hear, he determined to do the same thing in England which he had often done in a warmer climate; namely, to preach in the open air. Commenting upon this circumstance Wesley remarks that he "was forbidden, as by a general consent, to preach in any church (though not by any judicial sentence), for *preaching such doctrine.* This was the open, avowed cause, there was at that time no other, either real or pretended (except that the people crowded so)." He therefore

insists that his field preaching was a thing submitted to rather than chosen, because he thought preaching even *thus* better than *not* preaching *at all.*

In the suburbs of Bristol, at Bath, and at Kingswood, among the colliers, he laboured with conspicuous success. He writes :—

"I cannot say I have ever seen a more awful sight than when on Rose-Green, or on the top of Hanham-Mount, some thousands of people were joined together in solemn waiting upon God, while

> 'They stood, and under open air adored
> The God who made both air, earth, heaven, and sky.'

And whether they were listening to His word with attention still as night—or were lifting up their voice in praise, as the sound of many waters—many a time have I been constrained to say in my heart, 'How dreadful is this place! This also is no other than the house of God! This is the gate of heaven!'"

On May 12th, 1739, Wesley laid the corner stone of the first "Wesleyan" chapel in the world. A piece of ground near St. James's Churchyard, in the Horse Fair, Bristol, was secured for the purpose. "Money, it is true, I had not, nor any human prospect or probability of procuring it; but I knew 'the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof,' and in His Name set out, nothing doubting."

He now constantly journeyed between London and Bristol, preaching by the way, spending and being spent in his Master's service. The congregations which gathered often numbered several thousands. His diary at this time records many entries such as the following: "I declared to ten thousand people in

Moorfields what they must do to be saved."—" I went to Kennington, where were supposed to be twenty thousand people. I again insisted on that foundation of all our hopes, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'"—" I went to Blackheath with Mr. Whitefield, where were, I believe, twelve or fourteen thousand people. He a little surprised me by desiring me to preach in his stead; which I did (though nature recoiled), on my favourite subject, 'Jesus Christ, who of God is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption?' I was greatly moved with compassion for the rich that were there, to whom I made a particular application. Some of them seemed to attend, while others drove away their coaches from so uncouth a preacher."

For some time Wesley and Whitefield continued to labour in union, but after the latter's second visit to America his theological opinions underwent a change, and the two evangelists parted company. This circumstance gave both of them pain. They had loved long, and loved well. They were convinced of each other's sincerity. They often therefore visited, and sometimes preached for each other, and Whitefield always spoke in the most respectful terms of Wesley; while the latter, though he continued to bear the strongest testimony against absolute predestination, ever esteemed and spoke of his friend as a man of God, and as an eminent minister of Jesus Christ.

Whitefield, in his will, written with his own hand, observes, "I leave a mourning-ring to my honoured and dear friends and disinterested fellow-labourers, the Rev. Messrs. John and Charles Wesley, in token of my indissoluble union with them in heart and

Christian affection, notwithstanding our difference in judgment about some particular points of doctrine." Wesley preached the funeral sermon in Whitefield's chapels, Moorfields and Tottenham Court Road, London.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Birstal, in Yorkshire, and several other districts were in turn visited by Wesley, and in 1742 he returned to his native place.

"It being many years," he writes, "since I had been in Epworth before, I went to an inn, in the middle of the town, not knowing whether there were any left in it now who would not be ashamed of my acquaintance; but an old servant of my father, with two or three poor women, presently found me out. I asked her, 'Do you know any in Epworth who are in earnest to be saved?' She answered, 'I am, by the grace of God; and I know I am saved through faith.' I asked, 'Have you then the peace of God? Do you know that He has forgiven your sins?' She replied, 'I thank God I know it well, and many here can say the same.'"

He proceeds, "Sunday, June 6th, 1742. A little before the service began, I went to Mr. Romley, the curate, and offered to assist him, either by preaching or reading prayers, but he did not choose to accept of my assistance. The church was exceeding full in the afternoon, a report being spread that I was to preach. But the sermon on 'Quench not the Spirit,' was not suitable to the expectations of many of the hearers. Mr. Romley told them, 'One of the most dangerous ways of quenching the Spirit, was by enthusiasm;' and enlarged on the character of an enthusiast in a very florid and oratorical manner. After sermon,

John Taylor stood in the churchyard, and gave notice, as the people were coming out, 'Mr. Wesley, not being permitted to preach in the church, designs to preach here at six o'clock.'

"Accordingly at six I came, and found such a congregation as I believe Epworth never saw before. I stood near the east end of the church, upon my father's tombstone, and cried, 'The kingdom of heaven is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.'"

Three or four times subsequently he again preached from his father's tomb, and upon every occasion vast multitudes gathered together.

Wesley having now several helpers after his own heart, the work of God prospered in many places, and societies were formed in Somersetshire, Wiltshire, Gloucestershire, Leicestershire, Warwickshire, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, and in several parts of Yorkshire; while those in London, Bristol, Kingswood, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne, were much increased.

For some years the preachers moved round the kingdom without any regular plan. But Wesley at length found it absolutely necessary to divide the whole work into circuits, appointing so many preachers to each circuit. The system was attended with many difficulties, and required much thought, so he judged it expedient to summon annually a considerable number of the preachers, in order to consult together concerning the affairs of the societies, and hence originated the important gatherings now denominated the Conference.

Wesley's marriage, unhappily, did not bring him

domestic comfort, and the letters which passed between him and his wife do not place the latter in a very amiable light. She predeceased him by ten years, and at her death bequeathed what property she possessed to her son by a former husband.

Of Wesley's visits to Ireland, and the wonderful work which he accomplished there, despite the persecution and wicked opposition with which he was assailed in some localities, we have not space to treat. Although the one great object ever present to his mind was the preaching of the Gospel, many instances are recorded of the practical interest Wesley took in the social condition of the people. About three years ago, at a lecture given by Professor Corfield on Sanitary Reform, Dean Stanley, who presided, said:—"He did not know whether the clergy in all times of the world had been so much concerned in sanitary matters as they ought to have been. But going back to the eighteenth century, he remembered an old woman eighty years of age, speaking to him about the most famous clergyman of that period, viz., John Wesley. When she was a little girl he came into the cottage where she lived—a fine little man, she called him, with a clear, plain voice. There was fever in the cottage, and on entering he rolled up his shirt-sleeves, opened the windows, and emptied the dirty water. That was John Wesley's idea of sanitary reform, and that was one of the chief ways in which he carried it on."

He was certainly a notable example of the benefit to be derived from a due observance of the laws of health. On his birthday in 1788, he writes:—"I this day enter on my eighty-sixth year; and what

cause have I to praise God, as for a thousand spiritual blessings, so for bodily blessings also! How little have I suffered yet, by 'the rush of numerous years!'"

Yet the end was fast approaching. Travelling, preaching, writing, organising, were carried on with more or less activity for two years longer; occasionally interrupted by ill-health, which he as often as not tried to treat with contempt, but at the close of February 1791, he fell sick, never again to rally. On the 1st March, after passing a very restless night, he called for pen and ink, and said, "I want to write;" but on the pen being put into his hand, and the paper held before him, he added, "I cannot." One of his friends replied, "Let me write for you, sir: tell me what you would say." "Nothing," replied he, "but that GOD IS WITH US." Although so extremely weak he comforted himself by singing two verses of the well-known hymn:—

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

"Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; He made the sky
And earth and seas, with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure,
He saves the oppress'd, He feeds the poor,
And none shall find His promise vain."

"The best of all is, God is with us," was the message repeatedly on his lips during the last few

hours, and the final word he was heard to articulate was "Farewell!"

He was buried at the rear of his chapel in the City Road, London—a place ever since dear as the central shrine of the great Methodist Church. The lamentable fire which nearly destroyed the structure a twelvemonth ago, was heard of with profound regret at home and abroad. Happily, the house which Wesley loved so well has been lovingly restored, and will, we doubt not, long continue to remain an object of deep interest,—aye, even affection, to thousands who venerate the name of Wesley for his work's sake.

A warm friendship existed between Wesley and the illustrious John Howard. There is a letter extant from one Alexander Knox, of Londonderry, in which he speaks of Howard's tour through Ireland in 1787, and adds, "he came to see me because he understood I was Mr. Wesley's friend. He began immediately to speak of him. He told me he had seen him shortly before, in Dublin; that he had spent some hours with him, and was greatly edified by his conversation. 'I was,' said he, 'encouraged by him to go on vigorously with my own designs. I saw in him how much a single man might achieve by zeal and perseverance. And I thought, Why may not I do as much in my way, as Mr. Wesley has done in his, if I am only as assiduous and persevering? And I determined I would pursue my work with more alacrity than ever.'"

Like Howard, the famous preacher was an abstainer, and moreover, an enthusiastic advocate of total abstinence. We have already seen that when

as a young man he set out upon his first missionary expedition, he "wholly left off the use of flesh and wine." In his "Works," vol. viii., we read:—"I began to abstain about twelve years ago, when I had no thought of 'annoying parochial ministers,' or of captivating any people thereby. . . . But I resumed the use thereof about two years ago for the sake of some who thought I made it a point of conscience. Dr. Cheyne advised me to leave it off again, assuring me, 'Till you do, you will never be free from fevers and since I have taken his advice, I have been free (blessed be God) from all bodily disorders."

In 1747, Wesley wrote to the Bishop of London: "Dr. Cheyne advised me to leave off meat and wine, and since I have taken his advice I have been free—blessed be God—from all bodily disorders."

Or once more, we have a testimony to his appreciation of Dr. Cheyne's good advice, in an entry made in his Journal on his birthday: "I can hardly believe that I am this day entered into the sixty-eighth year of my age! How marvellous are the ways of God! How has He kept me even from a child! From ten, to thirteen or fourteen, I had little but bread to eat, and not great plenty of that. I believe this was so far from hurting me, that it laid the foundation of lasting health. When I grew up, in consequence of reading Dr. Cheyne, I chose to eat sparingly, *and drink water.* This was another great means of continuing my health till I was about twenty-seven. I then began spitting of blood, which continued several years. A warm climate cured this. I was afterwards brought to the brink of death by a fever, but it left me healthier than before. Eleven years after,

I was in the third stage of a consumption: in three months it pleased God to remove that also. Since that time, I have known neither pain nor sickness, and am now healthier than I was forty years ago! This hath God wrought."

In evidence of Wesley's zeal for the promotion of the total abstinence principle, many quotations might be given. His "Rules," which were adopted by the Conference, provided:—

"There is only one previously required of those who desire admission into these societies, viz., a desire to flee from the wrath to come, to be saved from their sins. But wherever this is really fixed in the soul, it will be shown by its fruits. It is therefore expected of all who continue therein that they should continue to evidence their desire for salvation:—

"First,—by doing no harm, by avoiding evil of every kind, especially that which is most generally practised—such as taking the Name of God in vain, the profaning the Day of the Lord, Drunkenness, *buying or selling spirituous liquors, or drinking them, unless in case of extreme necessity*, softness, or needless self-indulgence, etc.

"Secondly,—by doing good, by being in every kind merciful after their power, as they have opportunity doing good of every sort, and as far as possible to all men."

In the "Minutes" of 1744, he asks:—

"How shall we cure them of drinking drams?"

"Let no *preacher* drink any on any pretence."

In the same "Minutes" he asks:—

"Do not Sabbath-breaking, dram-drinking, etc.,

still prevail in several places? How may these evils be remedied?

"Let us preach expressly on each of these heads! Let the *leaders* closely examine and exhort every person to put away the accursed thing! Let the preacher warn every society that none who is guilty herein can remain with us."

In his directions to Band Societies, as noted in Pierce's "Principles of Methodism," p. 105, and also "Wesley's Works," vol. viii., p. 263, he says: "Taste no spirituous liquors, no dram of any kind, except prescribed by a physician."

"Touch no dram, it is liquid fire. It is a sure but slow poison. It saps the very springs of life. In Ireland, above all countries in the world, I would sacredly abstain from this, because the evil is so general."—"Works," vol. xii.

As an example of how Wesley followed his own instructions—how he expressly preached on "dram-drinking," an extract from his sermon on "Money" may suffice:—"Neither may we gain by hurting our neighbour in his body, therefore we may not sell anything which tends to impair health. Such is eminently all that liquid fire, commonly called drams, or spirituous liquors. It is true, these may have a place in medicine (although there would be rarely any occasion for them, were it not for the unskilfulness of the practitioner); therefore, such as prepare and sell them only for this end, may keep their consciences clear. But who are they who prepare them only for this end? Do you know ten such distillers in England? Then excuse these. But all who sell them in the common way, to any that will

buy, are poisoners general. They murder His Majesty's subjects by wholesale, neither does their eye pity nor spare. They drive them to hell like sheep: and what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who, then, would envy their estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them. Blood, blood is there: the foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof, are stained with blood. And canst thou hope, O thou man of blood! though thou art clothed in scarlet and fine linen, and farest sumptuously every day—canst thou hope to deliver down the fields of blood to the third generation? Not so; for there is a God in heaven; therefore thy name shall be rooted out, like as those whom thou hast destroyed body and soul; thy memorial shall perish with thee."

It must be confessed that the high standard of duty with regard to the Temperance question, as laid down by the Founder of Methodism, has not been the universal practice of his followers. Within the denomination there have ever been earnest-minded ministers and laymen devotedly labouring, in their individual capacities, to extend the total abstinence movement. George Maunder, Charles Garrett, Thomas Bowman Stephenson, and James Yeames, may be mentioned as hearty workers, whose efforts in this direction are well known. Nor must we forget, that the Wesleyan Church has given to the Temperance movement two of its foremost leaders,—William Hoyle, the eminent statistician, and T. B. Smithies, the founder of *The British Workman* and *The Band of Hope Review.*

The patience, perseverance, and enthusiasm of

those to whom we have just referred, and of others like them, have exercised an influence which has permeated the whole body; so that the proceedings of the Temperance Committee now furnish one of the most interesting of the many suggestive Reports submitted to the Conference.

At the most recent Conference, the one held in London last August, the Temperance Committee reported 1831 Wesleyan Methodist Bands of Hope, with 178,207 members—an increase during the last twelve months of 331 Bands of Hope, and 41,578 members. Another feature in the year's Returns is the approximate statement of the number of Wesleyan Methodist Temperance Societies formed on the plan recommended by the Conference. There are only six districts in which such organisations have not been established, and the number actually reported is 117, with 8,124 members. The Report continues: "As all these Societies have been formed quite spontaneously, without any pressure from your Committee, it is evident that they supply a great need, and are likely to multiply rapidly in years to come."

III.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

The Martyred President.

III.

"Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives."

GEORGE HERBERT.

"I SAW in that day more of the human heart than in all the rest of my life. I saw in Philadelphia a great mob surging idly here and there between madness and grief, not knowing what to do. Somebody suggested that the 'Copperheads' were rejoicing over the murder,—as they indeed were,—and so the mob attacked their houses, but soon gave it over, out of very despondency. By common sympathy, every family began to dress their houses in mourning, and to hang black stuff in all the public places; 'before night, the whole nation was shrouded in black.' That day I went from Philadelphia to Pittsburg. This latter town, owing to its factories and immense consumption of bituminous coal, seems at any time as if in mourning; but on that Sunday afternoon, completely swathed and hung in black, with all the world weeping in a drizzling rain, its dolefulness was beyond description.

"Among the soldiers, the grief was very great; but with the poor negroes it was absolute—I may say that to them the murder was in reality a second

crucifixion, since, in their religious enthusiasm, they literally believed the President to be a Saviour appointed by God to lead them forth to freedom. To this day there are negro huts, especially in Cuba, where Lincoln's portrait is preserved as a hidden fetish, and as the picture of the Great Prophet who was not killed, but only taken away, and who will come again, like King Arthur, to lead his people to liberty."

Such is the eloquent personal testimony of the martyred President's latest biographer, Mr. Charles G. Leland; and although more than fifteen years have passed by since that woful day, it is not difficult to recall the vehement feeling of righteous indignation which swept across the civilised world when the nations heard that "Honest Uncle Abe" had met a cruel death by an assassin's hand. He fell an uncrowned king, reigning not alone over, but also in the hearts of his subjects; and of him it may truly be said, he conferred more honour upon his office than he ever received by its acceptance.

It was in 1769 that one Daniel Boone, with five adventurous comrades, made their memorable expedition to the Kentucky Valley. The leafy grandeur of the primeval forests, the music of the countless rivers sweeping in impetuous majesty through the smiling valleys, and by no means least, the thrilling interest which the presence of the Indian in all his untutored naturalness inspired, supplied the explorers with incidents and experiences more than enough to awaken the interest of those who heard their marvellous story. The march of the Anglo-Saxon across the rocky slopes of the Alleghanies was the result, and among the first of the pilgrims from Rockingham,

Virginia, was a certain Abraham Lincoln, the grandfather of that Abraham who was one day to be called to the loftiest station which his country owned.

The Lincolns were of English descent, and apparently originally settled in Berks county, Pennsylvania. Their early history is however involved in considerable obscurity. "My parents," said the President, in a brief autobiographic sketch, "were both born of undistinguished families—second families, perhaps, I should say." A stirring incident, which terminated the life of his grandfather, has been well authenticated, and illustrates the perils which often environed the pioneer civilisers of the Far West.*

"One morning, not long after their settlement, the father took Thomas, his youngest son, and went to build a fence a short distance from the house, while the other brothers, Mordecai and Josiah, were sent to a field not far away. They were all intent upon their work, when a shot from a party of Indians in ambush was heard. The father fell dead. Josiah ran to a stockade, or settlement, two or three miles off; Mordecai, the eldest boy, made his way to the house, and, looking out from a loop-hole, saw an Indian in the act of raising his little brother from the ground. He took deliberate aim at a silver ornament on the breast of the Indian, and brought him down. Thomas sprang towards the cabin, and was admitted by his mother, while Mordecai renewed his fire at several other Indians who rose from the covert of the fence, or thicket. It was not long before Josiah returned from the stockade with a party of settlers; but the Indians had fled, and none were found but the dead

* Leland.

she "made them look a little more human." Mr. Leland tells us that this excellent woman loved Abraham tenderly, and her love was warmly returned. After his death she declared to Mr. W. H. Herndon, who was for many years the law partner of Abraham Lincoln, "I can say what not one mother in ten thousand can of a boy—Abe never gave me a cross look, and never refused, in fact or appearance, to do anything I requested him; nor did I ever give him a cross word in all my life. His mind and mine—what little I had—seemed to run together. He was dutiful to me always. Abe was the best boy I ever saw, or ever expect to see." "When in after years Mr. Lincoln spoke of his 'saintly mother,' and of his 'angel of a mother,' he referred to this noble woman, who first made him feel 'like a human being'—whose goodness first touched his childish heart, and taught him that blows and taunts and degradation were not to be his only portion in the world."

The boy's first teacher was Zachariah Riney, a Catholic priest, but in all his life, reckoning his instruction by days, he had only one year's schooling. As he grew up, when not working for his father he was hired out as a farm labourer to the neighbours. In the evenings he was accustomed to pass the hours in study. By the dim firelight he would plod at arithmetic with a pencil or coal on a wooden shovel or strip of board. When this was full he would shave it off with a sharp knife, and begin again.

"Abraham's poverty of books," it has been aptly remarked, "was the wealth of his life." It is interesting to note that among the first books which he read

and thoroughly mastered were "Æsop's Fables," "Robinson Crusoe," "Pilgrim's Progress," and Weem's "Life of Washington." "Lincoln," said his cousin, Dennis Hanks, "was lazy—a *very* lazy man. He was always reading, scribbling, writing, ciphering, writing poetry, and the like." This "laziness," however, enabled him to become a smart lawyer by the age of twenty-five.

Lincoln is described by a fellow-workman as being at twenty-one "the roughest-looking person he ever saw: he was tall, angular, and ungainly, and wore trowsers of flax and tow, cut tight at the ankle, and out at the knees. He was very poor, and made a bargain with Mrs. Nancy Miller to split four hundred rails for every yard of brown jean, dyed with walnut bark, that would be required to make him a pair of trowsers."

In the winter of 1831 he was employed by a trader named Denton Offutt to take a flat-boat to New Orleans. During this trip he first saw negroes chained, maltreated, and whipped. The scene made a profound sensation on his sensitive mind, and years after, he declared that the cruelty witnessed at New Orleans, first induced him to consider the wrongs of slavery.

In 1833 he was appointed postmaster at New Salem, and in the following year was a successful candidate for the legislature of Illinois. A friend lent him two hundred dollars to make a decent appearance, and he went to the seat of government properly dressed, for perhaps the first time in his life. During the session he said little, but worked hard and learned much. Two years later we find him a

recognised leader in the state, and so far at home in his work, as to be courageous enough to put on record an anti-slavery protest.

After one or two love disappointments, trials which we are assured had a "terrible effect upon his mind," in 1842 he married Mary, daughter of Mr. R. S. Todd of Lexington, Kentucky. Adopting the Law as a means to live, Lincoln partially withdrew from the political arena; but even at this time he had the idea of ultimately trying for a seat in Congress. In 1846 he accepted the nomination for Congress, and was elected by an unprecedented majority.

Many instances of his genial courtesy and characteristic kindness to clients might be told. On one occasion a poor old negro woman came to him and Mr. Herndon, complaining that her son had been imprisoned at New Orleans for simply going, in his ignorance, ashore, thereby breaking a disgraceful law which then existed, forbidding free men of colour from other states to enter Louisiana. Having been condemned to pay a fine, and being without money, the poor man was about to be sold for a slave. Messrs. Lincoln and Herndon, finding law of no avail, ransomed the prisoner out of their own pockets. In those days, a free-born native of a Northern state could, if of African descent, be seized and sold simply for setting foot on Southern soil.

Meanwhile the controversy between the slave-owners and abolitionists increased in intensity, and the former made no secret of their ambition being nothing less than the possibility of ruling the entire continent. The situation has been thus vigorously described by Mr. Leland:—

"While the inhabitants of the Eastern and Western States applied themselves to every development of industrial pursuits, art, and letters, the Southerners lived by agricultural slave-labour, and were entirely devoted to acquiring political power. The contest was unequal, and the result was that, before the Rebellion, the slave-holders—who, with their slaves, only constituted one-third of the population of the United States—had secured *two*-thirds of all the offices—civil, military, or naval—and had elected two-thirds of the Presidents. Law after law was passed, giving the slave-holders every advantage, until Governor Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, declared in Congress that slavery should pour itself abroad, and have no limit but the Southern Ocean. He also asserted that the best way to meet or answer Abolition arguments was *with death*."

The views of the slave-owners were ably championed by Judge Douglas, the "Little Giant" as he was called, who introduced the Bill known as the Kansas Nebraska Bill, which proposed to upset the Missouri compromise—a piece of legislation only arrived at after considerable discussion and many concessions on the part of the abolitionists. Lincoln determined to do battle for his abolitionist principles, and accordingly made it a duty to reply to the orations of Douglas. So conspicuous was his success, that even the "Little Giant" was compelled to acknowledge that he had at last met his master in the arts of oratory and debate.

Great events proverbially spring from small issues. The elevation of Lincoln to the Presidency was at the last almost startling in its suddenness. It is true

that his honesty of purpose, his unfailing fidelity to his convictions, and his ceaseless activity in the furtherance of the great principles which he had espoused, secured for him a popularity rarely enjoyed by public men; but with all this, Lincoln's innate modesty stood in marked contrast to the ostentatious sense of their own importance too often displayed by candidates for office; and when his friends suggested that he might aspire to the White House, he deprecatingly replied that he did not think he was fit for the honour.

On May 9th, 1860, the Republican State Convention met at Springfield for the purpose of nominating a candidate for the Presidency. Lincoln apparently had no idea that any business relative to himself was to be transacted. He was "sitting on his heels" in a back part of the room, and the Governor of Illinois, as soon as the meeting was organised, rose and said—"I am informed that a distinguished citizen of Illinois, and one whom Illinois will ever delight to honour, is present, and I wish to move that this body invite him to a seat on the stand." And, pausing, he announced the name "Abraham Lincoln." There was tremendous applause, and the mob seizing Lincoln, raised him in their arms, and bore him, sturdily resisting, to the platform. The next proceeding was most amusing and characteristic, being the entrance of "Old John Hanks," with two fence-rails bearing the inscription—*Two Rails from a lot made by Abraham Lincoln and John Hanks in the Sangamon bottom in the year* 1830. The end was that Lincoln was the declared candidate of his state for the Presidency.

On November 6th, 1860, he was duly elected President of the United States, receiving 1,857,610 votes to Douglas' 1,291,574. Before leaving Springfield he addressed his friends at the moment of parting at the railway station, and after referring in pathetic terms to his long life amongst them, continued:—

"I go to assume a task more difficult than that which devolved upon Washington. Unless the great God who assisted him shall be with me and aid me, I must fail; but if the same Omniscient Mind and Almighty Arm that directed and protected him shall guide and support me, I shall not fail—I shall succeed. Let us all pray that the God of our fathers may not forsake us now. To Him I commend you all. Permit me to ask that with equal sincerity and faith you will invoke His Wisdom and Guidance for me."

Lincoln felt that a struggle was approaching. In his little speeches *en route* to Washington he was however studiously conciliatory in tone, and more than once declared that in his view of affairs there need be no bloodshed or war. While ever shrewd enough to take cognizance of the signs of the times, he did not believe in meeting troubles half-way.

> "What need a man forestall his state of grief,
> And run to meet what he would most avoid."

Immediately after his election, when the world was vexed with the rumours of war, he was asked what he intended to do when he got to Washington? "That," he replied, "puts me in mind of a little story"—and his habit of story telling is well known. "There was once," said he, "a clergyman, who expected during the

course of his next day's riding to cross the Fox River, at a time when the stream would be swollen by a spring freshet, making the passage extremely dangerous. On being asked by anxious friends if he was not afraid, and what he intended to do, the clergyman calmly replied, 'I have travelled this country a great deal, and I can assure you that I have no intention of trying to cross Fox River *until I get to it.*'"

In the spring of 1861, Congress adjourned without making any preparation for the impending outbreak. There was, near Charleston, South Carolina, a fort called Sumter, held for the United States by Major Robert Anderson. On the 11th April, 1861, he was summoned to surrender the fort to the Confederate Government, and refused to do so. As he was, however, without provisions, it was eventually agreed, on the 12th April, that he should leave the fort by noon on the 15th. But the rebels, in their impatience, could not wait, and they informed him that, unless he surrendered within one hour, the fort would be bombarded. This was not done, and, after a bombardment of thirty-three hours, bravely borne, the Major and his band of seventy men were obliged to surrender.

This insult to the "Stars and Stripes" produced an outburst of popular feeling rarely surpassed, and Lincoln promptly issued a proclamation calling up the militia of the several States of the Union, to the aggregate number of 75,000, in order to repossess the forts and property taken from the Union, and to suppress the combination which had been made against the laws of the United States.

One effect of the attack upon Fort Sumter was the

reconciliation between the President and his old opponent, Judge Douglas. The patriotism of the latter secured the mastery over his old arguments, and "during the brief remainder of his life his devotion to the cause of his country was unwearied. He was done with his dreams of power."

Douglas warned Lincoln he should have asked for 200,000 men, and in a few days, when it became evident the rebellion was increasing, the President issued another call for 42,000 three-year volunteers, and ordered the addition of 22,114 officers and men to the regular army, and 18,000 seamen to the navy.

Every day intensified the war feeling, and Lincoln's abilities were taxed to the uttermost in sustaining the duties which devolved upon him. The development of the emancipation question required the exercise of the greatest tact and discrimination, and although Lincoln's cautious mode of procedure was severely criticised at that time, the world has since recognised the supreme wisdom which characterised his action throughout the momentous struggle.

On August 22nd, 1862, in reply to Mr. Horace Greeley, Lincoln wrote:—

"My paramount object is to save the Union, and not to either save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could do it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. . . . I have here stated my purpose according to my views of official duty, *and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish, that all men everywhere could be free.*"

On January 1st, 1863, he published his famous proclamation, declaring "that the slaves in all states or parts of states, which were then in rebellion, henceforward shall be free: and that the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognise and maintain the freedom of said persons." The excitement was intense, and all felt assured that slavery was at an end.

When Lincoln had signed the Proclamation of Emancipation, he said, "Now we have got the harpoon fairly into the monster slavery, we must take care that, in his extremity, he does not shipwreck the country."

The country was not shipwrecked, although the fearful war swept over it with desolating force until 1865. Four long years of carnage, cruelty, and bitter strife! a countless host yielded up their lives during the dread encounter. The price paid was indeed overwhelming, but as to the result? who can declare the worth of the inheritance to freedom, which the sacrifice secured?

> "Who advance His glory, not their own,
> Them He Himself to glory will advance."

Lincoln's work was done. True his countrymen had not then grasped the vast extent of his labours, nor even fully recognised his singleness of heart and integrity of purpose. The deadly aim of the assassin laid the heroic leader low, and then it was, that a nation mad with grief, awoke to a sense of the greatness of their loss. The tragic date, April 14th, 1865, has fastened itself in the annals of the world,

and we doubt not the fair fame of the martyred President, "Honest old Abe," will stream as a precious beacon light for all time.

Lincoln's interest in the Temperance question was of a personal and practical character. From his boyhood he was extremely temperate. "Those who have spoken most freely of his faults," writes one of his biographers, "admit that, in a country where a whiskey-jug was kept in every house, Lincoln never touched spirits except to avoid giving offence. His stepmother thought he was temperate to a fault." If not a life abstainer, there is ample proof that, during by far the greater period of his career, his rule was never to taste intoxicating liquors; and even so early as 1827, he contributed an article on the Temperance question to an Ohio journal. The character of the good President is admirably illustrated by the short sermon, which we are assured he never wearied of preaching to the children, whenever he could gather them round his knees,—"Don't drink; don't smoke; don't chew; don't swear; don't gamble; don't lie; don't cheat. Love your fellowman; love truth; love virtue, and be happy."

In Carpenter's "Six Months at the White House," an interesting account is given of Lincoln's reception of the deputation that waited upon him, to request his acceptance of the nomination to the Presidency:—

"After this ceremony had passed, Mr. Lincoln remarked to the company that, as an appropriate conclusion to an interview so important and interesting as that which had just transpired, he supposed good manners would require that he should treat the committee with something to drink; and opening

a door that led into a room in the rear, he called out, 'Mary! Mary!' A girl responded to the call, to whom Mr. Lincoln spoke a few words in an undertone, and, closing the door, returned to converse with his guests. In a few minutes the maiden entered, bearing a large waiter, containing several glass tumblers and a large pitcher in the midst, and placed it upon the centre table. Mr. Lincoln arose, and gravely addressing the company, said, 'Gentlemen, we must pledge our mutual healths in the most healthy beverage which God has given to man; it is the only beverage I have ever used or allowed in my family, and I cannot conscientiously depart from it on the present occasion; it is pure Adam's ale from the spring.' And, taking a tumbler, he touched it to his lips, and pledged them his highest respects in a cup of cold water. Of course, all his guests were constrained to admire his consistency, and to join in his example."

During the War, the President's influence is known to have been exercised in the interests of the Temperance movement among the soldiers. George Augustus Sala, in his special correspondence to the *Daily Telegraph*, under date of March 30th, 1864, in a graphic description of the Army of the Potomac, remarks:—

"But if I have done these brave men one iota of injustice, let me at once recant. I qualified their aspect as of a too-late-to-bed and too-early-to-rise kind. That look—so far as the privates, at least, are concerned—is not the result of intemperance. The army of the Potomac is, compulsorily, the soberest in the world. Cromwell's Ironsides drank their

Nottingham and Burton ales, and occasionally took their sip of distilled waters; but the Ironsides of the American Civil War are debarred from these enjoyments. It has been found wholly incompatible with the maintenance of commonly decent discipline to permit the men to drink any kind of fermented liquors. To as much tea and coffee as they can swallow they are welcome; but they are sternly forbidden the use not only of spirits, but of the comparatively innocuous cider and lager beer. For wine they have never, at any time, cared. Their soul thirsts for whisky; but whisky, luckily for themselves in particular, and the army in general, they cannot obtain. That the illicit conveyance of spirits into the camp to some extent prevails, need scarcely be said. The soldiers do now and again contrive to procure, at exorbitant rates, some fiery poison, miscalled Bourbon, Old Rye, or Monongahela; but the contraband spirit trade is rigidly looked after by the authorities, and cases of smuggling, when discovered, as rigorously punished. Any sutler detected in selling whisky to soldiers has his stock-in-trade confiscated, is compelled to 'clear out,' and may consider himself fortunate if he escape being packed off to Washington, and incarcerated in the old Capitol. The strictest of internal custom-houses is established at Brandy Station—whose very name seems chosen in grim mockery of the forbidden luxury—and all boxes and packages containing necessaries or comforts for soldiers are scrupulously examined before they can be forwarded to the owners. Of course the soldiers grumble at this, and seize the opportunity of every mail to flood the columns of the Washington

newspapers with complaints. 'It isn't our whisky being seized that riles us,' wrote one sufferer from the spirit taboo, 'but it's the seeing of it *staggering about afterwards with shoulder straps on.* That's what makes us mad.' And that is where, indeed, the shoe pinches. The officers seem to be able to procure as much wine, as much brandy, and as much whisky as ever they choose. They may have to smuggle it, but they do manage to smuggle it somehow. There are teetotal officers, no doubt, and there are hundreds of temperate ones; but there are, on the other hand, numbers of wearers of shoulder straps who are neither teetotal nor temperate, and these are the topers who 'rile' the soldiers. As to allowing the latter even to purchase the very mild form of swipes known as lager beer, I was informed that it was simply impossible. So long as the demon of drink could be kept from the men, the army was all right; but once allow them so much as a dram of liquor, and violence, anarchy, rapine, confusion, and ruin must be the result."

That some of the teetotal officers of whom Mr. Sala writes did heroic service the annals of the War abundantly testify. It will be sufficient to name Rutherford B. Hayes, who has lived to practise his total abstinence principles as a President of the States too, and the famous General "Stonewall" Jackson. Of the latter it is related, that upon one occasion, when very much exhausted, he was asked by a brother officer to join him in a glass of brandy-and-water, "No," said he; "I never use it: *I am more afraid of it than of Yankee bullets!*"

Lincoln's friendly feeling towards General Grant

was shown in a characteristic manner during the campaign. The General had many detractors, and some of them accused him of habits of intemperance. To one of these, endeavouring to thus injure the credit of the General, President Lincoln said, "*Does* Grant get drunk?" "They say so," was the reply. "Are you *quite* sure he gets drunk?" "Quite." There was a pause, which the President broke by gravely exclaiming, "I wonder where he buys his whisky!" "And why do you want to know?" was the astonished answer. "Because if I did," replied Mr. Lincoln, "I'd send a barrel or two of it round to some other Generals I know of."

As a set-off to this anecdote, it may be well to remember, that only a few months ago the General, in one of his terse addresses, stated that before setting out upon his recent tour round the world, he decided upon making total abstinence from intoxicating liquors a rule of the journey: and he added that he had carried out the resolution to the letter.

Lincoln was riding one day on the top of a stage-coach in Illinois, when the driver asked him to "treat." "I never use liquor," was Lincoln's reply, "and I cannot induce others to do so." "Don't you chew, neither?" said the driver. "No, sir." "Nor smoke?" "No, sir; I never use tobacco in any form." "Well," remarked the disgusted John, "I hain't got much opinion of those fellows with no small vices; they usually make it up in big ones." Lincoln, who was fond of a racy anecdote, used often to repeat this one with great glee.

Upon another occasion he was dining with the presidential party at Erie, when a certain gentleman

offered him some wine, and rather rudely tried to force it upon him. Lincoln bravely replied, "I have lived fifty years without the use of intoxicating liquors, and I do not think it worth while to change my habits now."

When the news of Lincoln's assassination reached England, many of the leading public bodies placed upon record their sense of the great calamity which had befallen the American nation. The Executive of the United Kingdom Alliance, whilst sharing most earnestly the sentiments of deep sympathy entertained by all parties, ranks, and classes, fittingly added, it "feels very keenly the death, by the hand of a murderer nerved by drink, of a man whose long adhesion to the principles of total abstinence and prohibition, and whose faithful adherence to them even during the War, have proved that to these, as to all forms of enlightened philanthropy, the late President of the United States of America devoted his high intelligence, and his noble heart."

IV.

BISHOP TEMPLE, D.D.,

The Temperance Teacher.

IV.

"By influence of the Light Divine,
Let thy own light in good works shine."
BISHOP KEN.

THE Rev. S. Baring-Gould, in his picturesque memoir of the Vicar of Morwenstow (who, by the way, was a total abstainer), draws a gloomy outline of the irreligious condition of the Diocese of Exeter in the first half of this century. He says: "There was a story told of a fox-hunting parson, Mr. Radcliffe, in the north of Devon, when I was a boy. He was fond of having convivial evenings in his parsonage, which often ended uproariously.

"Bishop Phillpotts sent for him, and said, 'Mr. Radcliffe, I hear, but I can hardly believe it, that men fight in your house.' 'Lor, my dear,' answered Parson Radcliffe, in broad Devonshire, 'doant 'y believe it. When they begin fighting, I take and turn them out into the churchyard!'"

Happily, the times have changed since then, and the customs, too; but although clerical conviviality may be accounted as dead and buried without hope of a resurrection, intemperance still stalks abroad with her twin-sisters—degradation and desolation. It is therefore a matter for congratulation that Bishop Phillpotts has been worthily succeeded by one who "feels the responsibility of his position, and

endeavours conscientiously to perform its duties." Those who have watched Bishop Temple's career during the ten years he has presided over the Diocese of Exeter will acknowledge that this estimate—a very high one—has been well-merited: for Dr. Temple has been a great worker, has frequently visited the most distant parts of his large Diocese, and by his personal influence and example has given a great impetus to parochial organisation.

Frederick Temple is a son of an officer in the army, and was born on November 30th, 1821. He received his early education at the Tiverton Grammar School, and afterwards proceeded to Oxford, where he became Scholar of Balliol College, and took his degree of B.A. as a double first class in 1842. He was elected a Fellow and Mathematical Tutor of his College, and was ordained in 1846. Two years later he accepted the principalship of Kneller Hall Training College, near Twickenham, which he resigned in 1855. He was next one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, and soon after, in 1858, succeeded Dr. Goulbourn as Head Master of Rugby.

He was exceedingly popular at the famous school. It has been said, that "he achieved a reputation as a teacher unrivalled since the days of Dr. Arnold, and almost challenging competition with his." He was a great favourite with the scholars, and his "Rugby Sermons," to some extent, furnish a key to his great success. They have a literary, personal tone about them, that is highly attractive, and display a wonderful power of investing old and familiar truths with the charm of freshness, and of bringing out with great clearness the beauty of Scripture. In

a word, breadth of sympathies, directness of thought, and manliness of tone, reveal a preacher of high culture seeking to be the friend, helper, and counsellor of his boys.

It was at Rugby, too, that Dr. Temple put himself in training as a public speaker. Nature had not made him an orator: so, like the present Earl of Derby, he carefully cultivated the arts of speech, and availed himself of such practice as the meetings which were held in Rugby and the vicinity afforded. By this means he acquired a readiness and flow of words, for the exercise of which his public office now gives him ample opportunities.

Dr. Temple gained some notoriety in 1860, as the author of the first of the seven "Essays and Reviews." The writers, it will be remembered, wished to be regarded as only responsible for their own Essays; but the public could scarcely be expected to discriminate, when all were linked together in one volume, and no doubt Dr. Temple was credited with much in the book from which his after career proves he entirely differed. Hence, when in 1869 Mr. Gladstone nominated him to the See of Exeter, in succession to the late Bishop Philpott, the proposal met with some opposition. In the end the appointment was confirmed, and Dr. Temple was consecrated in Westminster Abbey on December 21st, 1869, together with the Bishops Elect of Bath and Wells, and of the Falkland Islands.

As a Bishop, Dr. Temple has carried into his new sphere the same geniality of temper, tact in dealing with men, and untiring industry, which secured so large a measure of success at Rugby. As an illus-

tration of his genial and kindly spirit, we may mention that on one occasion he went into a remote district of Cornwall, to take a clergyman's duty for a month, while the latter enjoyed his summer holiday. The Bishop took the whole of the duties, visiting the sick with painstaking devotion, and otherwise showing a friendly interest in the parishioners which quite won their hearts.

Dr. Temple has taken a prominent place in all educational movements in his Diocese. He has also thrown himself warmly into the wide-spread Temperance organisation which so markedly characterises the Church of England at the present time. Not long ago, a veteran writer on Temperance, Dr. R. B. Grindrod, of Malvern, published a brief note, in which he claimed St. James the Minor, Bishop of Jerusalem, as a Nazarite, and as the first total-abstaining Bishop. However this may be, for Dr. Temple may be claimed the honour of being the pioneer of personal total abstinence amongst the Bishops of to-day. A "Christian Nazarite" we may term him, for as good old Bishop Hall truly says:—

"We borrow more names of our Lord than one. As we are Christians, so are we Nazarites; the consecration of our God is on our heads, and therefore our very hairs should be holy. Our appetite must be curbed, our passions moderated, and so estranged from the world, that in the loss of parents or children nature may not make us forget grace. What! does the looseness of vain men persuade them that God is not curious, when they see Him thus precisely ordering the very diet of His Nazarites? Nature pleads for liberty, religion for restraint; not that there is

more uncleanness in the grape than in the fountain, but that *wine finds more uncleanness in us than water*, and that high living is not so fit for devotion as abstinence."

Dr. Temple has not altogether escaped the penalty of adherence to his principles. It will be remembered, that upon one occasion he had to stand a shower of flour, bad eggs, and other missiles when denouncing the liquor traffic in Exeter. But the Bishop is not the man to be discouraged by opposition; he believes that, "if we persevere it is possible that by-and-by we shall be able to convince the Legislature that everywhere it will be their duty so to provide that if any man wishes this pleasure, he must go and seek it; that he shall not have it thrust into his face, and made a perpetual temptation to his weakness."

Holding these convictions, Bishop Temple is a supporter of the Permissive Bill, and an active Vice-President of the United Kingdom Alliance. He is also a Vice-President of the Church of England Temperance Society, and has presided over the annual Meetings of the Total Abstinence Section, held in Exeter Hall. Speaking of one of the Bishop's addresses the *Church of England Temperance Chronicle* says:—"Never from the time when we attended our first teetotal meeting, have we heard a more outspoken speech than that which fell from his lordship's lips—a speech which Mr. Livesey might have written, or Mr. Gough declaimed."

In a sermon preached in Lancaster, in 1876, Dr. Temple said:—"I pass on now to consider cases where this particular indulgence is a danger, a temptation, and to some a most terrible temptation, too. For there are hundreds upon hundreds of

instances in which the desire for drink is a temptation greater than a great many of us are at all aware of. To very many, I repeat, it is a terrible temptation, indeed. But it would be an exaggeration to say that it is a temptation to all. I was accustomed to the use of wine for many years, but I never felt any temptation to excess. All my experience was that I soon felt I had as much as I really wanted, and the desire for any more ceased; and no doubt it is so with many others. I fully believe that many persons feel no temptation from this source, or at least no great temptation, such as is felt by others. Yet we can never forget that to very many it is not only a real, but a very grievous and terrible temptation. Now what shall we do in such cases? Sometimes it is said the best means of resisting and overcoming this temptation is 'moderation.' To such as think this I can only commend the very strong words of our Lord. He says that if we find anything a temptation, we are to have absolutely nothing to do with it; not even if it be a right eye, hand, or foot. In such a case, 'cut it off,' 'pluck it out,' 'cast it from thee,'—*i.e.*, you see, not simply are we to shun what is in itself evil, but even what is lawful and good, if it be a danger to us. It would surely be exceedingly foolish for any one to think himself wiser than our Lord. This is His rule, in strong but clear language; and He says, 'Cut it off!' A Christian ought to be very careful before he says, 'I won't cut it off, I'll moderate it.' Every one must duly judge for himself how far he can say to the Lord, 'I shall not cut it off, because it does not 'offend' me—*i.e.*, make me to stumble.'"

It is only right to mention that, although the Bishop says he was "accustomed to the use of wine for many years," during his eleven years' work at Rugby he was a total abstainer. He thus gave practical proof of the fallacy of the assertion that brain-work needs stimulants, for few can conceive the strain of such a position as Head Master of a public school.

Dr. Temple's well-known volume, "Sermons preached in Rugby School Chapel," has had a large circulation. The Rev. F. Arnold says the book "is a favourite with many; and going to a country church one day *we heard him preached with much unction by one of his own clergy!*" Although we do not claim for these sermons an absolute connection with temperance work, we cannot refrain from remarking that many passages have an inferential bearing upon the question, more particularly when we remember that their distinguished author was at the time they were preached a total abstainer. Take for example Dr. Temple's incisive words upon temptation:—"If there is any work in the world which particularly deserves the name of the work of the devil, it is the hindrance which men sometimes put in the path which their fellow-creatures are called by God to walk in. Of all the temptations which surround us in this world of temptation, the most difficult, in almost all cases, to deal with, are those which our fellow-men cast in our way." The passage forcibly reminds one of Mr. John Walter's famous epithet, "Alcohol is the devil in solution;" and certainly there is no temptation abroad in our land in the present day more difficult of treatment than the drink temptation,—a temptation, too, which, be it remembered, is of man's planting.

The National Temperance League, with that prescience which so eminently characterises its management, took advantage of the recent Sanitary Congress in Exeter to entertain several eminent *savants* at a public breakfast. The Bishop delivered a felicitous address upon the occasion, in which he referred to the close connection between the sanitary reformation which the Congress met annually to promote, and of the temperance reformation which the National Temperance League had for its main object.

"If any great benefit were to be afforded to the masses," said his lordship, "it was essential that they should be raised morally as well as physically, otherwise they would rapidly go back from the high position to which they had been elevated. Experience showed that, unless the people were both morally and physically raised, all effort in that direction was speedily defeated by the mere natural working of human ignorance and temptations. In every way they might endeavour to promote the sanitary welfare of the people, but if they failed to carry the people with them they would find their efforts defeated and the desired end unattained. With all the instruments he knew of raising the moral condition of the people, there was none that would compare with that of teaching them to abstain from what was their greatest temptation, and, in the majority of cases, was the real source of all their misery. He did not propose, and it was not his business, to go into the medical aspect of the question, but speaking as an outsider who had watched the progress of medical science in this matter, he begged leave to observe that there was no mistake

that the more medical men studied the question, the more the Temperance cause gained ground. He hoped that his position as the Bishop of a great Diocese, who was constantly required to look to the moral condition of the people, would be some excuse for his earnestness in the advocacy of the cause, and for his speaking with something like assured conviction, in the presence of those who might feel that any but medical men had no right to a conviction on such subjects. At any rate he was sure that the cause would not be damaged by anything which induced his hearers to look into the matter with ever increasing intelligence and care. The ultimate result of all scientific research was to get nearer and nearer to the truth, and in this instance he felt assured of the fairness of the decision that would be at length arrived at, and that the more medical men studied the subject the more would be gained by that study."

The Bishop's faith in the ultimate triumph of Temperance principles, was strikingly expressed in an address which he delivered in Torquay last December. His Lordship remarked:—

"We all know that we are on the way to victory, and we know, too, that God will require of us a long and hard-continued and unslackening perseverance, before that victory shall come within sight. Yet we have already much to encourage us. Already we see how the principles of Temperance are being gradually spread, especially among the educated classes. We are winning all the educated; we are winning all the men of science—one after another; we are compelling them to study the

subject, morally and physically, and the result is that they are bearing witness in our favour. Then, again, has not a marvellous change come over the medical profession—a perfectly honest change? They were honest undoubtedly years ago, when, according to their knowledge at that time, they told us that intoxicating liquors were absolutely necessary for our health; and I have no doubt they are equally honest now when they tell us that they have discovered that there is no such necessity, and that the cases in which there is any real need for such support of the bodily health are comparatively rare; theirs, I believe, is a real, honest, genuine conviction."

V.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE, LL.D.,

The African Explorer.

V.

"Death only did his steadfast feet beguile
From Afric's shore, and to the wanderer lent
A friend-girt resting-place and monument,
In the great Abbey's glory-echoing aisle."

RICHARD WILTON.

WHEN the great African Explorer published the journal of his "Journeys and Researches in South Africa," he prefaced the volume with an interesting chapter of autobiography, modestly stating that it had been suggested a few particulars of his early career would not be unacceptable to the public. The writer's earnest simplicity and affectionate disposition may be readily traced in the touching memorandum, and one cannot but have a feeling of regret that the narrative is so briefly told.

"My uncles," he writes, "all entered His Majesty's service during the last French War, either as soldiers or sailors; but my father remained at home, and, though too conscientious ever to grow rich as a small tea-dealer, yet by his winning ways he made the heart-strings of his children twine around him as firmly as if he could have bestowed upon them every worldly advantage."

Neil Livingstone, the good man thus referred to, resided for more than thirty years at Blantyre, Lanarkshire, where he married Agnes Hunter, a person

in the like humble circumstances with himself. They had two daughters and three sons, David, the second son, being born in 1817. The family were reared in connection with the Kirk of Scotland, but for the last twenty years of the elder Livingstone's life, he held the office of deacon of an Independent church at Hamilton, whither he had removed. His influence upon the religious training of his children, may be inferred from the following unaffected testimony of his distinguished son :—

"He deserved my lasting gratitude for presenting me from infancy with a consistent example of piety, like that which is so beautifully portrayed in Burns' 'Cottar's Saturday Night.'" And he adds, "He died in February 1856, in peaceful hope of mercy through the death of our Lord and Saviour. I was then on my way below Jumbo, anticipating no greater pleasure than sitting by his cottage fire and telling him my travels. I revere his memory."

The mother was a thrifty, industrious woman, whose endeavours to keep the home together during the early years of her married life excited the admiration of all her neighbours. The small income with which she had to provide for the necessities of her young family, caused her ingenuity to be often taxed to the uttermost. David quaintly says, "The earliest recollection of my mother recalls a picture often seen among the Scottish poor,—that of the anxious housewife striving to make both ends meet."

At the age of ten the future missionary commenced to work in the Blantyre Linen Factory as a piecer. He was obliged to be at the mills by six o'clock every morning, and did not leave work until eight o'clock

at night. The young lad, however, thus early came to love knowledge for its own sake, and so it was that with part of his first week's wages he purchased a copy of "Ruddiman's Rudiments of Latin."

The owners of the mills partially supported an evening school, which was held between the hours of eight and ten, and Livingstone became one of the most regular attendants. Not content with this he was accustomed to continue his studies at home till twelve o'clock or later, if his mother did not interfere "by snatching the books out of his hands." Virgil, Horace, and other classical authors were read by the factory lad in this way, and his enthusiastic devotion to study was only kept in check by the absolute necessity of giving a few hours to sleep, in order that he might continue able to earn his living by fourteen hours' daily labour in the mill. Scientific books and works of travel were his especial delight, but his father, believing, with many of the time, that the former were inimical to religion, would often rebuke the lad for his choice: indeed, the difference of opinion sometimes reached the point of open rebellion. The "Cloud of Witnesses," Boston's "Fourfold State," Wilberforce's "Practical Christianity," were some of the books which the parent recommended, and his last application of the rod was on David's refusal to read Wilberforce's well-known treatise. The dislike to religious reading continued for years, but Livingstone tells us that "having lighted on those admirable works of Dr. Thomas Dick, 'The Philosophy of Religion,' and 'The Philosophy of a Future State,' it was gratifying to find that he had enforced my own conviction that Religion and Science were friendly to each other." Well may Dr.

Moffat say there was something unique in him from his years of childhood ; he seemed to think for himself.

We are indebted to the same authority for a graphic picture of Livingstone's youthful days. He could play and rollick like other boys, but with a growing thirst for knowledge. It was this that led him to separate himself, "to seek and intermeddle with all wisdom." Culpeper's "Herbal" was one among the many books from the village library which he attentively examined, and came to the conclusion that as herbs and flowers were not made only to be looked at, Culpeper must be right, and off he would go to trudge many a weary mile along hedgerows, and wherever he could to pick up specimens; and finding them described in the "Herbal," he concluded that a herbalist possessed a panacea for all the ills that beset the human frame.

Sometimes his brother would accompany him upon these Saturday afternoon rambles. The following incident was often referred to in after life by the traveller, as an example of one of the experiences which deeply excited his youthful emotion :—"On one of these exploring tours—long before geology was so popular as it is now—we entered a limestone quarry. It is impossible to describe the wonder with which I began to collect the shells of the carboniferous limestone which crops out in High Blantyre and Cambuslang. A quarryman looked at me with that pitying eye which the benevolent assume when viewing the insane. 'However,' said I, 'did these shells come into these rocks?' 'When God made the rocks, He made the shells in them,' was the damping reply."

Books were now his constant companions, and the

old proverb, "Where there's a will there's a way," was characteristically fulfilled in his case. He found that by placing an open book on a portion of the Spinning Jenny, it was possible to catch sentence after sentence as he plodded at his work, and it was not long before he was able to readily concentrate his thoughts undisturbed by the roar of the surrounding machinery. "To this part of my education," he says, "I owe my power of completely abstracting my mind from surrounding noises, so as to read and write with perfect comfort amidst the play of children, or the dancing and songs of savages."

The labour of cotton-spinning, to which he was promoted in his nineteenth year, was excessively trying and severe on a slim lad, but the remuneration enabled him to support himself in comfort, and also to attend medical and Greek classes in Glasgow in winter, and the divinity lectures of Dr. Wardlaw in summer.

The desire to become a medical missionary to the Chinese had by this time formed itself in his mind. The spirit of self-reliance had been so keenly developed, that it required the very earnest persuasives of his friends to induce him to offer his services to any committee. He had never received a farthing from any one to help him in his studies, and thought he could carry out the great project of the life by his own efforts. Ultimately, however, he joined the London Missionary Society on account of its unsectarian character. "It sends neither episcopacy, nor presbyterianism, nor independency, but the Gospel of Christ to the heathen." "This," he tells us, "exactly agreed with my ideas of what a Missionary Society ought to do; but it was not without

a pang that I offered myself, for it was not agreeable to one accustomed to work his own way to become in a measure dependent on others."

In September 1838 he was summoned to London to undergo the necessary examinations before the directors of the Society, the result being that he was sent to a training establishment conducted by the Rev. W. Cecil, at Chipping Ongar. Livingstone is spoken of by one of his fellow-students, as "a pale, thin, modest, retiring young man, with a peculiar Scotch accent. If you broke through the crust of his natural reserve, you found him open, frank, and most kind-hearted, ever ready for any good and useful work, not even excepting grinding the corn necessary to make brown bread for the establishment, chopping wood, and such-like laborious occupations. He was fond of long walks, and for six months he and his friend used to traverse the Essex flats together, sometimes extending their peregrinations into the more romantic neighbouring counties. Twelve or sixteen miles were often thus traversed."

In 1839 Dr. Moffat returned to England after twenty three years' labour among the tribes of Southern Africa. Many meetings were held, at which speeches were made on missions to Africa, and especially to the Bechuana tribes. Livingstone listened with intense and increasing interest, and soon began to feel his sympathies drawn thitherwards. After successive interviews and deliberations with Dr. Moffat, he resolved to devote his life to Africa, and when he went out in 1840, it was with the fullest conviction that God, to Whom he had been looking for direction, had made plain his path.

His first station was at the Kuruman, about one hundred and fifty miles beyond the northern boundary of the Cape Colony, a mission which had been established for more than twenty years. Here he remained a few months, and then took successive journeys into the interior, awaiting Dr. Moffat's return from England. By these journeys he became familiar with the language, and got to understand the native character.

The narrative is thus continued by Dr. Moffat:—"By the time I returned he had obtained much important information, and was all ready to go wherever the Bechuana committee might appoint him, and the farther the better. He was allowed to choose his own field, and, accompanied by Brother Edwards, of the Kuruman, now of Port Elizabeth, as a fellow-labourer, he proceeded to Mabotsa. It was here that he escaped, though not unscathed, from being devoured by an enraged lion. From the left arm, which had been broken, he suffered much; and though it healed, he never could use it as formerly. Having received an invitation to a more inviting field of labour, from Sechèle, chief of the Bakwèna, a tribe of the Bechuana, he went, receiving the most encouraging reception. Here he laboured joyfully and successfully with a chief of unwonted energy and devotion, to the education of the thousands of his people by whom he was surrounded and beloved. That mission, notwithstanding the painfully adverse circumstances through which it has passed, is the most prosperous, extensive, and influential of all our missions in the Bechuana country. Uncivilised and rude barbarians, he went to live among them; but

before he was compelled to leave, Sechèle and others had become transformed in manners and dress, and able to read the Bible in their own language."

Meanwhile Livingstone had found a worthy partner in the daughter of Dr. Moffat, and had a happy home, on an income of £100 a year, nine hundred miles from Cape Town.

He longed, however, to penetrate into the interior of the country, as he felt there was a vast field of missionary labour waiting to be occupied. This was the burden of his letters to Dr. Moffat at the time, although it is not to be supposed he wrote in a murmuring or complaining mood. In one of his letters he says: "You cannot think how thankful I feel for all the bits of mechanical knowledge you taught me, and especially to work in iron and steel, which the natives so much appreciate, and for which they reward me willingly. This keeps our larder sometimes worth looking at, and something to keep the cookery pot from being forgotten."

He was often compelled to make long journeys in order to procure new stores of needful supplies, and during his absence upon one of these occasions, a powerful body of marauding Boers attacked the town and mission premises. The property which they could not carry away they destroyed, and Livingstone returned to find his family houseless, and his people scattered in terror to the mountain fastnesses. Livingstone lost by this calamity goods to the value of £300, but this did not trouble him much. He had escaped with his life, and could now, as he philosophically said, "travel all the lighter—one waggon would do." He was not long in deciding

upon a course of action, and sending his wife and little ones to England, he determined to press forward to San Paulo De Loanda.

He secured the friendship of Sekeletu, the chief of the Makololo tribe, and a band of twenty-seven young Makololo were selected and appointed to accompany Livingstone on his journey. On the 11th November, 1853, the party set out from Linyanti, and on the 31st May following, the wearied explorers entered the town of San Paulo de Loanda, where Mr. Gabriel, the British Commissioner, gave them a right hearty welcome. Livingstone suffered severely from an attack of dysentery, and was strongly urged to proceed to St. Helena, or to England, but he refused to do so, as he desired to keep his word to the Makololo chief, that he would restore in safety the young men who had been entrusted to his care. The merchants and traders of Loanda made up a handsome present for Sekeletu, and the Livingstone party commenced their return march to Linyanti on 20th September, 1854. Twelve months later they arrived at their destination, and a grand meeting of all the Makololo was called to receive their report.

Livingstone having discovered the impracticability of carriage traffic between the interior and the West Coast, now turned his attention to opening up a highway to the East Coast. As the river Zambesi promised the greatest feasibility, he determined to make a voyage down the stream. After numerous adventures and discoveries, he arrived at Kilimane, on the 20th May, 1856, and leaving his escort in the charge of trusted friends, he started for the

Mauritius, whence he embarked for England. For sixteen years he had been absent from his native land, and his welcome home on the 12th December, 1856, was participated in by the religious and scientific world with a fervour and an enthusiasm, not less a tribute to the man personally, although ostensibly evoked by his magnificent successes as a missionary explorer.

The Government were moved to recognise the opportunities which existed for the development of trade and commerce with Eastern and Central Africa, and Livingstone was requested to undertake the leadership of an expedition with this end in view. He accepted the commission, and set sail from England on the 10th March, 1858. He was accompanied by his brother, the Rev. Charles Livingstone, as Assistant; Mr. Francis Skead, R.N., Surveyor; Dr. John Kirk, Botanist; Mr. Richard Thornton, Geologist; Mr. Baines, Artist; and Commander Bedingfield, R.N., Navigator. The story of the expedition has been told in detail in Livingstone's popular volume, "The Zambesi and its Tributaries." They opened a cotton field four hundred miles in length, and gained the friendship and respect of the natives wherever they went.

"But now," writes Mr. H. M. Stanley, "as the Missionaries were ready to begin the good work of civilizing and improving the moral status of the native community, Livingstone became aware that he had by his discoveries opened the path for the slave-traders as well as for the Missionaries. Good and evil influences from the outside world seemed to be precipitated together upon the unsophisticated people

whom the philanthropist Livingstone, in the name of Great Britain, desired to redeem from darkness.

"At Moame the Europeans were informed that a slave party on its way to Tette would shortly pass through the village. This startling piece of news caused them to ask each other if this ought to be permitted. A few minutes afterwards the slave party came along—a long line of manacled human beings, the black drivers marching jauntily along as the escort. But when they caught sight of the English they at once took to their heels to the woods, excepting one, a slave of the Commandant of Tette, whose hand was quickly grasped by a Makololo. Inquiring how these slaves were obtained, the slave-driver replied to Livingstone that he had bought them, but the captives themselves denied this, and said that they were captured in war. While this examination was going on the sole remaining slave-driver hurried into the woods, and, being left entirely in their hands, the white men soon began to cut the women and children free from their bonds. The men were fastened in the forks of stout sticks, each six or seven feet long, and these had to be sawn through. Thus the first decided active opposition and avowed hostility to the wicked trade in human flesh was manifested by the English in Central Africa.

"It was a great surprise to the eighty-four released captives that any men should pity their wretched condition, and try to ameliorate it. A little child artlessly elected himself as spokesman on this occasion, and said—'The others tied and starved us; you cut the ropes, and tell us to eat. What sort of people are you? Where did you come from?' These poor

people informed the deliverers that two of the women had been shot the day before for attempting to untie the thongs. One woman had her infant's brains knocked out because she could not carry her load and it; and a man was cloven with an axe because he had broken down from fatigue."

In April 1862, Livingstone suffered a severe blow by the death of his devoted wife, who perished from the effects of the climate, at Shupanga, where she was buried. A few months later he returned to England, where his reports of the country west of Lake Nyassa excited the deepest interest of his friend Sir Roderick Murchison, the President of the Royal Geographical Society, the result being the inauguration of a movement to send Livingstone to make a thorough exploration of the district. £1000 were subscribed by Mr. James Young, £500 were subscribed by the British Government, and a like sum of £500 was voted by the Royal Geographical Society, towards the resources required for the exploration. The Government appointed him Consul to all the chiefs and tribes of inner Africa, to represent English interests. Earl Russell, in recognition of Livingstone's services on the Zambesi, sent a messenger to him to inquire what reward he would wish for himself. The unselfish philanthropist made answer, "I need nothing for myself, but if you stop the Portuguese slave-trade you will gratify me beyond measure."

Livingstone sailed from England on his last journey on the 14th August, 1865. Upon arriving at Zanzibar he selected thirty-five natives to accompany him, and the party started for the interior on the 19th March,

1866. A few letters reached the Coast for friends at home, and then in December the news came that Livingstone had been murdered. After some deliberation, the Royal Geographical Society entreated the Government to equip a boat Expedition to proceed to Lake Nyassa, to discover the truth of the report, as there were a great many influential people in England who doubted, for several reasons, the rumour.

This Expedition was entrusted to Mr. E. D. Young, a warrant officer of the Royal Navy, and Lieutenant Falkner, of the 17th Lancers. In due time they reached the Nyassa Lake, and received the assurance from the natives that the Doctor was not murdered, and had gone to the West in good health and condition.

In 1868, letters came from Livingstone himself, dated at Bemba, February 1867, wherein he explained that he had been unable to send despatches before, owing to the absence of caravans in the new lands he had traversed. In July 1868, he wrote another letter from the neighbourhood of Lake Bangweolo, wherein he related some of the wonderful explorations he had made south and south-west of the Tanganyika. On the 30th May, 1869, Livingstone wrote a third letter from Ujiji, which contained the last news received from him up to July 1872.

Despite these letters, however, there were so many conflicting rumours which were circulated respecting his captivity, privations, and death by violence of all kinds, and death by disease and accident, that the circle of unbelievers in his existence was extending daily throughout the civilized world.

Then it was that Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the

spirited proprietor of the *New York Herald*, conceived the bold enterprise of sending out a search Expedition at his own expense. Mr. H. M. Stanley was entrusted with the duty, his instructions being embodied in the brief order, "Find and relieve Livingstone." Mr. Stanley entered upon the mission with enthusiasm, and after passing through a succession of perils and privations which would have baffled a less heroic man, eventually met with the great traveller at Ujiji.

After a journey of 750 miles, and a residence of over four months together, Livingstone and Stanley parted company at Unyanyemba, on the 14th March, 1872. Livingstone was reinforced with a stock of supplies and men selected by Mr. Stanley, and once more commenced a journey across the country. Meanwhile another search Expedition had been despatched, this time at the instance of the Royal Geographical Society, and under the command of Lieutenant Cameron. The Expedition arrived at Unyanyemba, in the latter part of August 1873, and were startled by the intelligence that Livingstone had died, and that his body was being brought over country by the natives. In the beginning of November, the faithful followers of Livingstone, seventy-nine in number, appeared at Unyanyemba with the mournful burden they had carried over 1000 miles. On the 16th April, 1874, eight years since Livingstone had last left England, his remains were landed at Southampton, and then carried through a sympathetic and reverent population, who had gathered *en masse* to pay a mute but impressive tribute of respect for all that Livingstone had done through life, to the lasting glory of the English name.

Two days later the funeral obsequies took place in Westminster Abbey, in the presence of a vast assembly, gathered from all parts of the country, out of respect to the memory of the greatest explorer the vast continent of Africa has ever known. Following the coffin as mourners were his children, Thomas Steele, Agnes, William Oswell, and Anna Mary, also his two sorrowing sisters, Mrs. Livingstone, the wife of Charles Livingstone, and his venerable father-in-law, Dr. Moffat. Here, too, were also Mr. H. M. Stanley, Jacob Wainwright, his faithful African follower, and a host of other notable personages who had been associated with Livingstone in his great work.

From the many high testimonies paid to Livingstone's worth by eminent contemporaries, it is not easy to make a selection. Sir Bartle Frere declares: "His character it is difficult for those who knew him intimately to speak of without appearance of exaggeration. Of his intellectual force and energy he has given such proof as few can afford. Any five years in his life might in other occupations have established his character, and raised for him a fortune such as the most energetic of our race can realise. His powers of observation and practical sagacity I have never seen exceeded. Both possibly were rendered more acute by the life he led; but he had quickness of eye, and the power of judging of forces and results which belong only to the great organiser, politician, or general. Equally remarkable was his knowledge of character and penetration. No flattery could blind him, no allurements could lead him aside, while his estimate of men was unfailing."

Dr. Moffat pays a high tribute to Livingstone's intrepidity, courage, and unselfishness:—"He performed feats of daring which he never recorded, from a feeling that it was only what others could do, and, perhaps, better than himself. He would make any sacrifice, or expose himself to any danger, to save life, or to be able to soothe the sorrowing heart. In his far-distant home among the Bakwêna, a messenger arrived at night, and told the story that a man belonging to the Kuruman, on his homeward way, had been attacked by a rhinoceros, and his abdomen ripped open. To ride through brake and tangled thicket, along a narrow path for ten miles during dark midnight hours, required pluck. He went, not without fear of a black rhinoceros, or *Rhinoceros bicornis*, one of the most vicious of the four species, darting on him from the thicket. I heard this from his attendant, a native teacher."

In writing of Livingstone's connection with Temperance we have to go back to the early days of the movement. This phase of his career has been happily sketched by Mr. Robert Rae, who is so widely and deservedly esteemed as the Secretary of the National Temperance League. At the Annual Conversazione of the League in May 1874 (a few weeks after Livingstone's interment at Westminster), the Rev. Horace Waller delivered a lecture on Livingstone. The chair was occupied by Mr. J. P. Corry, M.P., who remarked, that "Dr. Livingstone had accomplished his great work as a teetotaler." Mr. Waller said, that "in the interests of truth he must correct the mistake, for he had had many convivial glasses with him." At the close of the lecture Mr. Rae interposed,

because "he thought a little explanation was due to the meeting with reference to Mr. Waller's statement that Livingstone was not a teetotaler."

The speaker continued: "In 1840, he (Mr. Rae) was Secretary of the Hamilton Total Abstinence Society, of which Dr. Livingstone was a member. His name was registered in the books of the society as a total abstainer, and the names of his brother Charles, of his father and mother, and of his sisters, were all registered at that time on the roll of the society. He (Mr. Rae) knew further, that in 1857 Dr. Livingstone wrote himself in the most definite terms that he had been a total abstainer for twenty years, and still remained so, and he, the speaker, was certain that Dr. Livingstone never wrote or said anything that was not perfectly true. He knew further, that in 1865, when the Doctor was about to proceed upon his last unfortunate journey, he was invited to attend a special Temperance Meeting in London, and did not assign as a reason, at all events, that he was not a total abstainer, but simply that other engagements would prevent him being present, and he expressed his unabated sympathy and love for the Temperance cause as he had always done. That was his knowledge of Dr. Livingstone, and it seemed to leave no room for doubt that he accomplished the earlier portions of his wonderful labours as a total abstainer. Some present would remember, that in his first book he mentioned that the only alcoholic drink he took with him to Africa, was a bottle of brandy in his medicine chest, which was broken before it had been opened, and that consequently he went through that long journey without

any intoxicating liquor. A few weeks since, when he attended the funeral of the Doctor with Mr. Edward Baines, as a deputation from the League, that gentleman stated, that a short time before Dr. Livingstone finally left this country, he had spoken to him of his total abstinence practice, and told him that he had passed through the thirty-one fevers by which he had been attacked, without a single drop of alcoholic drinks. Under those circumstances Temperance reformers had always been in the habit of regarding Dr. Livingstone as a total abstainer."

A few days after the meeting at which Mr. Rae made the statement just quoted, he received a letter from Mr. H. M. Stanley, which is not without interest in this connection. Writing from the Langham Hotel, under date of June 2nd, 1874, Mr. Stanley says :—

"I found Dr. Livingstone in such straits that the poorest English beggar is richer than he was then. He had no liquor nor anything approaching to it about his house, but when I brought out a bottle of champagne and offered him drink, he quaffed it as if it were nectar, and the timely aid of that glass of champagne did wonders towards restoring appetite and health. I had seven bottles of medicine brandy with me. *Half a bottle* lasted Dr. Livingstone and myself four months and four days of almost constant rainy weather."

In confirmation of Mr. Rae's account of Livingstone's early association with the Temperance movement, I have been favoured with a deeply interesting communication from Miss Livingstone, who writes :—

"My brother, Dr. Livingstone's, connection with

the Temperance movement was owing to his father's warmly espousing Temperance Societies, when they were first spoken of, more than fifty years ago. My father, in so far as he himself was concerned, had no need to take the pledge, but he had often grieved over others led astray by the drinking customs of society; and on reading a pamphlet by Mr. Dunlop, he immediately acted upon it, by forming a Temperance Society in our native village. My brother David did not at first take the pledge, as he objected to being bound. However, he was not long in following the other members of the family. He was then a lad in his teens, and both amongst his workfellows, and afterwards amongst his fellow-students in Glasgow, all his influence was on the side of abstinence. The first glass of wine he had taken for many years was at Loanda, after his first great journey. I never knew of him taking or tasting any strong drink whatever. Two or three times I saw him take for dinner a small basin of sago with one glass of sherry, when suffering from malaria, or the remains of it in his system. *He was, and continued to be, the most temperate of men, of that there can be no doubt.* I may add that all the members of my father's family abstained from strong drink. Some of us do not know the taste of whiskey, brandy, rum, or gin."

In Livingstone's various journals of his travels may be found many interesting references to the evils wrought by intemperance among the Africans, and in one of his published letters dated Kuruman, South Africa, November 12th, 1852, we find the following emphatic testimony to his own practice. He writes:—"I have acted on the principle of total abstinence

from all intoxicating liquors during more than twenty years. My individual opinion is, that the most severe labours or privations may be undergone without alcoholic stimulus, because those of us who have endured the most, had nothing else than water, and not always enough of that. The introduction of English drinking customs and English drinks among the natives of this country inevitably proves the destruction of both their bodies and souls."

Thirteen years later, just before leaving England for the last time, the great philanthropist, in expressing his regret at being unable to accept the invitation of the National Temperance League to address a Temperance meeting, added, "I am much pleased in believing that much good has been occasioned by your labours—more perhaps than you are aware, in the leavening of public opinion, even in the classes to which you refer as uninfluenced by your principles. They are sometimes repelled by uncharitable remarks from the more ardent, but there can be no doubt that the discussions which have been raised have done a great deal in modifying the drinking usages of the country. Wishing you all success in your labours."

On the slab which covers his honoured remains in Westminster Abbey, the last words he wrote have been fittingly engraved:—"All I can add in my solitude is, may Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one, American, English, or Turk, who will help to heal this open sore of the world." Drunkenness is a great open festering sore in the social life of England; would that all who read this page, may enlist themselves in the ranks of those who are honestly endeavouring to heal the wound

VI.

CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON,

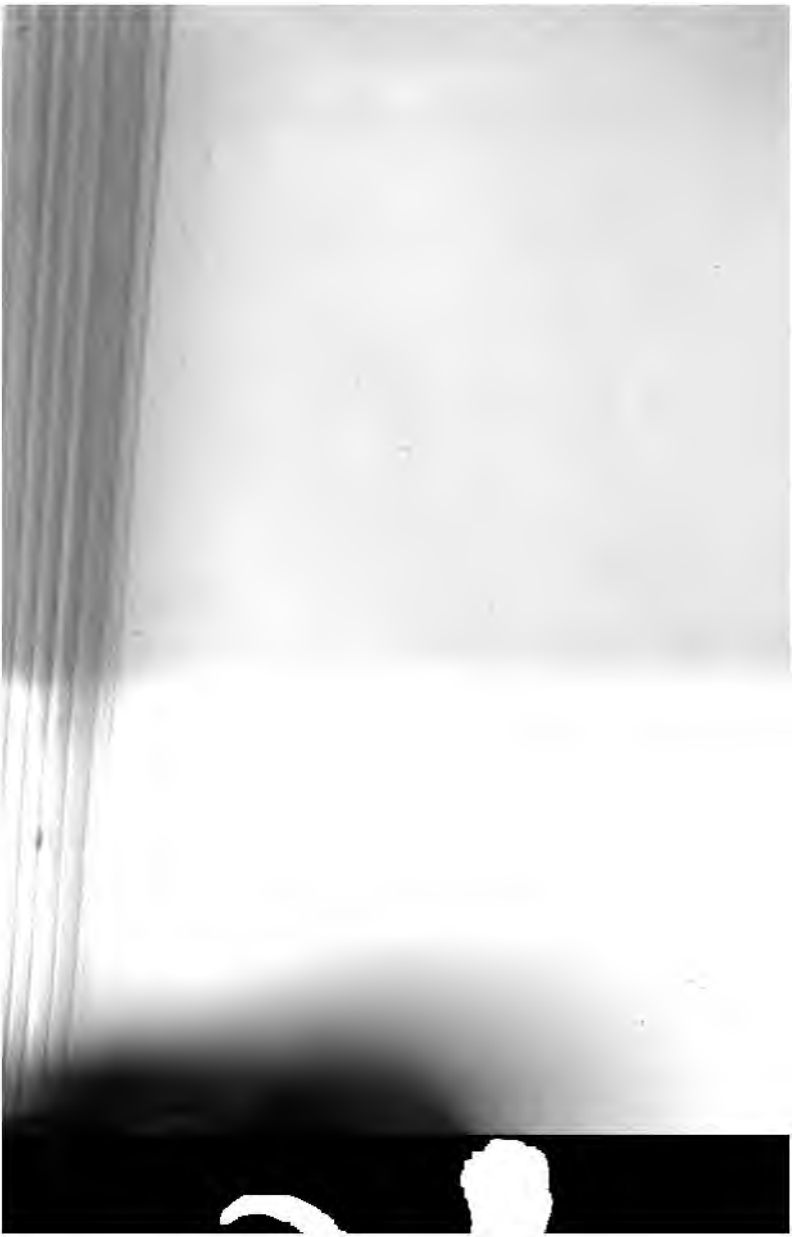
The Preacher Philanthropist.

VI.

" This noble ensample to his flock he gave,
That first he wrought, and afterward he taught,
The word of life he from the Gospel caught."

CHAUCER.

IN the early years of this century the pastorate of the Independent Church at Stambourne, Essex, became vacant by the death of the Rev. James Beddow, whereupon an invitation was given to a zealous and devoted minister at that time in charge of a congregation at Clare, in Suffolk. The call was accepted, and in the month of May 1811, the Rev. James Spurgeon was formally inducted to the pastorate at Stambourne, and there continued to labour for the long period of fifty-three years. The harmonious relationship which existed between this village pastor and his people is exemplified in the testimony which he was enabled to give when more than eighty years of age: "I have not had one hour's unhappiness with my church since I have been over it." He was an Essex man, and a lineal descendant of that Job Spurgeon who, in 1677, was, with four companions, committed to Chelmsford gaol for conscience' sake. "Three of them," writes a chronicler of the times, "lay upon straw for fifteen weeks, in the midst of a winter remarkable for the extremity of cold, but the fourth, Job Spurgeon, being



so weak that he was unable to lie down, sat up in a chair the most part of the time."

Not long ago, the Dean of Westminster in enlarging upon the importance of sanitation humorously claimed for his father a high place among sanitary teachers. The Dean grounded his plea upon the fact, that the good old Bishop of Norwich was accustomed to load his pockets with packets of sweets, which he liberally distributed, as he walked the streets of his city, to any poor children with clean faces! Let Bishop Stanley of Norwich and the venerable Pastor Spurgeon of Stambourne stand or fall together in this matter: for the latter is said to have been seldom without a packet of sweets, which he gave generously to the children wherever he went. "He was known widely in Essex as a man of the old school,—staid, quiet, and uniform in his dress and habits. He was the very picture of neatness, and in many particulars resembled John Wesley, especially in his manners and stature. He wore a dress cravat, a frilled shirt, and had a vest with deep pockets, as if provided for large collections. He was always happy in the company of young people. He wore the breeches, buckled shoes, and silk stockings, which marked the reign of George III., and he really looked to be a venerable Nonconformist minister of a past age," is the testimony of his biographer.

He had ten children, the second of whom, John, was for some years resident in Colchester. For nearly sixteen years he preached on Sundays in the Independent Chapel at Tollesbury, being occupied with commercial affairs during the week. At length he decided upon entering the ministry, and became the

pastor of the Independent Church, Cranbrook. This John Spurgeon married Miss Jervis of Colchester, and the earnest Christian training which she imparted to their children, resulted in both their sons, Charles and James, becoming preachers of the Gospel.

Charles is the better known of the two, and it is said, that in after life when his good mother remarked, "Ah, Charley, I have often prayed that you might be saved, but never that you should become a Baptist," he promptly gave the characteristic rejoinder, "God has answered your prayer, mother, with His usual bounty, and given you more than you asked."

Charles Haddon Spurgeon was born at Kelvedon, on June 19th, 1834. When old enough to leave home he was committed to the care of a maiden aunt, who resided in the grandfather's house at Stambourne. At seven he was sent to school at Colchester, but at holiday time he was a constant visitor at Stambourne, where his frank and ingenuous nature had gained many friends.

In 1844, the Rev Richard Knill, whose missionary labours have made his name famous the wide world over, was visiting Stambourne to preach for the London Missionary Society. This good man took a singular interest in the little boy Spurgeon. They walked the garden together, and in a quiet arbour they bent the knee in supplication, while the faithful minister interceded for the salvation of the youthful soul. Not long ago the pages of the *Sword and Trowel* contained Mr. Spurgeon's reminiscences of the circumstance. He writes :—

"Calling the family together he took me on his knee, and I distinctly remember his saying, 'I do

not know how it is, but I feel a solemn presentiment that this child will preach the gospel to thousands, and God will bless him to many souls. So sure am I of this, that when my little man preaches in Rowland Hill's chapel, as he will do one day, I should like him to promise me that he will give out the hymn commencing—

> "God moves in a mysterious way
> His wonders to perform."'

This promise was of course made, and was followed by another, namely, that at his express desire I would learn the hymn in question, and think of what he had said.

"The prophetic declaration was fulfilled. When I had the pleasure of preaching 'the word of life' in Surrey Chapel, and also when I preached in Mr. Hill's first pulpit at Wootton-under-Edge, the hymn was sung in both places. Would to God that we were all as wise as Richard Knill in habitually sowing beside all waters. Mr. Knill might very naturally have left the minister's little grandson on the plea that he had other duties of more importance than praying with children; and yet who shall say that he did not effect as much by that simple act of humble ministry as by dozens of sermons addressed to crowded audiences. To me his tenderness in considering the little one was fraught with everlasting consequences, and I must ever feel that his time was well laid out."

After spending four years at school in Colchester, where he made satisfactory progress under the tutorship of Mr. Henry Leeding, he went to Newmarket

to take a situation as usher in a school kept by Mr. Swindell. At the end of a year he removed to Cambridge, where his old master, Mr. Leeding, had opened a school. He became an usher there, and was soon prominently identified with the work of the Baptist Chapel, St. Andrew Street.

There was a "Lay Preachers' Association" connected with the chapel, presided over by Mr. James Winter, whom the members were accustomed to affectionately term "the Bishop."

"We had one Saturday finished morning school," writes Mr. Spurgeon, "when in came the 'Bishop' to ask us to go over to Teversham next Sunday evening, for a young man was to preach there who was not much used to services, and very likely would be glad of company.

"A request to go and preach would have met with a decided negative, but merely to act as company to a good brother who did not like to be lonely, and perhaps might ask us to give out a hymn or to pray, was not at all a difficult matter, and the request, understood in that fashion, was cheerfully complied with.

"Our Sunday-school work was over, and we set off through Barnwell, and away along the Newmarket-road, with a gentleman some few years our senior. We talked of good things, and at last we expressed our hope that he would feel the presence of God while preaching. He seemed to start, and assured us that he had never preached in his life, and could not attempt such a thing: he was looking to his young friend, Mr. Spurgeon, for that. This was a new view of the situation, and I could only reply

that I was no minister, and that even if I had been I was quite unprepared. My companion only repeated that *he*, even in a more emphatic sense, was not a preacher, that he would help *me* in any other part of the service, but that there would be no sermon unless I gave them one. He told me that if I repeated one of my Sunday-school addresses it would just suit the poor people, and would probably give them more satisfaction than the studied sermon of a learned divine. I felt that I was fairly committed to do my best. I walked along, quietly lifting up my soul to God, and it seemed to me that I could surely tell a few poor cottagers of the sweetness and love of Jesus, for I felt them in my own soul. Praying for Divine help, I resolved to make an attempt. My text should be, 'Unto you therefore which believe He is precious,' and I would trust the Lord to open my mouth in honour of His dear Son.

"We entered the low-pitched room of the thatched cottage, where a few simple-minded farm-labourers and their wives were gathered together; we sang and prayed and read the Scriptures, and then came our first sermon. How long or how short it was we cannot now remember. It was not half such a task as we had feared it would be, but we were glad to see our way to a fair conclusion, and to the giving out of the last hymn. To our own delight we had not broken down, nor stopped short in the middle, nor been destitute of ideas, and the desired haven was in view. We made a finish, and took up the book, but to our astonishment an aged voice cried out, 'Bless your dear heart, how old are you?' Our very solemn reply was, 'You must wait till

the service is over before making any such inquiries. Let us now sing.' We did sing, and the young preacher pronounced the benediction, and then began a dialogue which enlarged into a warm, friendly talk, in which everybody appeared to take part. 'How old are you?' was the leading question. 'I am under sixty,' was the reply. 'Yes, and under sixteen,' was the old lady's rejoinder. 'Never mind my age, think of the Lord Jesus and His preciousness,' was all that I could say, after promising to come again, if the gentlemen at Cambridge thought me fit to do so. Very great and profound was our awe of those 'gentlemen at Cambridge' in those days."

In 1875 a correspondent of *The Baptist* published some interesting particulars, gathered in the neighbourhood of Cambridge, respecting the early appearances of the "Boy Preacher," as he was called.

"A gentleman informed me that he heard Mr. Spurgeon preach his first sermon when about sixteen years of age, and he then read, prayed, and expounded the Word,' being attired in a round jacket, and broad turn-down collar, such as I remember to have been in fashion at that period."

"Mr. C. D. remembers C. H. Spurgeon preaching at Somersham about twenty-four years ago, when he would be about seventeen years of age. He was then wearing a round jacket and turn-down collar. The words of the text were, 'Fear not, thou worm Jacob.'"

At the age of seventeen he became pastor of the Baptist Chapel at Waterbeach, where he laboured for two years with remarkable diligence and energy. Meanwhile a vacancy occurred in the pastorate of New Park Street Chapel, Southwark, and the con-

gregation had dwindled down to the merest handful of people. Mr. Spurgeon was invited to occupy the pulpit. The invitation was accepted, and in the autumn of 1853 he stood for the first time before a London congregation. His impressions have been preserved by his own graphic pen.

"*Twenty-five years ago*—and yet it seems but yesterday—we lodged for the night at a boarding-house in Queen Square, Bloomsbury. As we wore a huge black satin stock, and used a blue handkerchief with white spots, the young gentlemen of that boarding-house marvelled greatly at the youth from the country who had come up to preach in London, but who was evidently in the condition known as verdant green. They seemed greatly tickled that the country lad should be a preacher. They did not propose to go and hear the youth, but they seemed to tacitly agree to *encourage* him after their own fashion, and we were 'encouraged' accordingly. What tales were narrated of the great divines of the metropolis, and their congregations! One had a thousand *city* men to hear him, another had his church filled with *thoughtful* people, such as could hardly be matched all over England, while a third had an immense audience, almost entirely composed of the *young men* of London, who were spell-bound by his eloquence. The study which these men underwent in composing their sermons, their herculean toils in keeping up their congregations, and the matchless oratory which they exhibited on all occasions, were duly rehearsed in our hearing; and, when we were shown to bed in a cupboard over the front door, we were not in an advantageous condition for pleasant dreams. Assuredly

the Saturday evening in a London boarding-house was about the most depressing agency which could have been brought to bear upon our spirit. On the narrow bed we tossed in solitary misery, and found no pity. Pitiless was the grind of the cabs in the street, pitiless the recollection of the young city clerks whose prim propriety had gazed upon our rusticity with such amusement, pitiless the spare room which scarce afforded space to kneel, pitiless even the gas-lamps which seemed to wink at us as they flickered amid the December darkness. We had no friend in all that city full of human beings, we felt among strangers and foreigners, but hoped to be helped through the scrape into which we had been brought, and to escape safely to the serene abodes of Cambridge and Waterbeach, which then seemed to be Eden itself.

"*Twenty-five years ago* it was a clear, cold morning, and we wended our way along Holborn Hill towards Blackfriars and certain tortuous lanes and alleys at the foot of Southwark Bridge. At sight of Park-street Chapel we felt for a moment amazed at our own temerity, for it seemed to our eyes to be a large, ornate, and imposing structure, suggesting an audience wealthy and critical, and far removed from the humble folk to whom our ministry had been 'sweetness and light.' It was early, so there were no persons entering, and when the set time was fully come there were no signs to support the suggestion raised by the exterior of the building, and we felt that by God's help we were not yet out of our depth, and were not likely to be with so small an audience. The Lord helped us very graciously, we had a happy

Sabbath in the pulpit, and spent the intervals with warm-hearted friends; and when at night we trudged back to the Queen Square narrow lodging we were not alone, and we no longer looked on Londoners as flinty-hearted barbarians. Our tone was altered, we wanted no pity of any one, we did not care a penny for the young gentlemen lodgers and their miraculous ministers, nor for the grind of the cabs, nor for anything else under the sun. The lion had been looked at all round, and his majesty did not appear to be a tenth as majestic as when we had only heard his roar miles away."

Negotiations for Mr. Spurgeon's permanent settlement in London were at once initiated, and in 1854 he formally accepted the pastorate of the New Park Street Church. The new preacher soon became the "talk of the town," and everywhere the question was asked, "Have you heard Spurgeon?" In less than a year it was found necessary to enlarge the building; and while the alterations were in progress, the congregation assembled in Exeter Hall. The central situation served to still further increase the preacher's popularity, and when at the end of four months the enlarged chapel was reopened, it was found quite inadequate to accommodate the thousands who flocked to hear him. After some time it was decided to hire the Surrey Gardens Music Hall, the largest available building in London. On the evening of October 19th, 1856, a dreadful accident took place. The hour appointed for service was half-past six, but long before that time, it is computed that there were at least seven thousand people in the building. Shortly after the service

commenced a cry of "Fire!" was raised, and in the excitement which ensued seven people lost their lives. The occupation of the Music Hall was never intended to be other than temporary, as the congregation had secured land at Newington Butts for the erection of an entirely new edifice suited to their requirements.

The services at the Music Hall were frequently attended by persons of great distinction. Lord Chief Justice Campbell, Earl Russell, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Miss Florence Nightingale, and Dr. Livingstone were among others who interviewed the preacher there.

Mr. Stevenson has an interesting passage relative to the great African traveller's visit to the Music Hall. "Sitting on the platform near the pulpit was the Rev. Dr. Armitage, of New York, who had been introduced to Mr. Spurgeon the previous day. Nearer the pulpit sat Dr. Livingstone. The morning sermon was one of those appealing and heart-searching discourses, which had produced tears in hundreds of eyes during its delivery. Immediately the service was over the writer announced Dr. Livingstone's presence to Mr. Spurgeon, and inquired if he would like to be introduced. Just as Dr. Livingstone approached Mr. Spurgeon, Dr. Armitage rushed forward to offer his congratulations, and to shake the hand of the preacher. Mr. Spurgeon withdrew his own hand, pleasantly remarking to the American divine, 'No, shake hands first with Dr. Livingstone, he is the worthier man;' and the congratulations of both the doctors were given with equal sincerity, Mr. Spurgeon receiving them with the simple, un-

affected modesty of childhood. During the brief conversation which followed, Dr. Livingstone remarked that no religious service he ever remembered had so deeply impressed his own mind as that he had witnessed and participated in that morning; adding, that when he had retired again into the solitudes of Africa no scene he had ever witnessed would afford him more consolation than to recall the recollection that there was one man God had raised up who could so effectively and impressively preach to congregated thousands, whilst he should have to content himself by preaching to units, or at most tens, under a tropical sky in Africa; implying, at the same time, that Mr. Spurgeon's sphere of religious influence was a hundred times greater than that of the great and good traveller."

The Metropolitan Tabernacle was publicly opened on March 25th, 1861. The opening services were continued for five weeks, and at the end Mr. Spurgeon was enabled to state that the building was free from debt, and that the total amount received in free-will offerings was £31,000. The edifice is about one hundred and fifty feet long, eighty feet wide, and seventy feet high. It has two galleries, and the preacher's "platform" (for there is no pulpit) is on a level with the lower gallery. The average congregation is stated to be about seven thousand people, but when the building is overcrowded, as it frequently is, there cannot be fewer than eight thousand persons present.

Mr. Spurgeon had of course largely contributed to the erection of the new chapel. He travelled the country on the week days, preaching here, there, and

everywhere, on condition that a moiety of the collections was paid over to the Tabernacle Building Fund, so that when the great scheme was completed he felt free to devote his energies to the development of various philanthropic agencies. Prominent amongst these was his "Pastors' College." We cannot pretend to trace the story of this remarkable enterprise. It will be sufficient to say, from a small beginning with one student, it has steadily progressed, until to-day it rejoices in a permanent, amply-furnished building, presided over by an accomplished principal, assisted by several duly qualified lecturers. The average age of the students is twenty-five, but some are as young as twenty, whilst others are thirty years of age. "The principle of reception into the college is simple. Only those who have preached the Gospel for about two years, or who have in other ways given proof of their sincerity are admitted. It is not proposed to *make* preachers, but simply to aid those who are preachers already, in obtaining an education, and generally to fit them for Christian work."

Another institution which is the outcome of Mr. Spurgeon's fostering care, is the Stockwell Orphanage, founded in 1867. In an article in the *Sword and Trowel*, he suggested the desirability of founding an orphanage on certain definite principles. The remarks were read by Mrs. Hillyard, the widow of a Church of England clergyman, and this benevolent lady sent Mr. Spurgeon a note expressing her willingness to give £20,000 for such a purpose. Mr. Spurgeon went to the address named in the letter, with a very strong conviction that he was the victim of a hoax. Finding the good lady at home, he nervously

imagined that he had blunderingly misread the figures, and therefore mentioned £200 as the sum about which he had called to inquire. "Not £200, but £20,000," was the modest rejoinder; and after consulting with his friends, twelve trustees were chosen, in whose names the money was invested, and the noble charity was at once prosecuted with all the far-reaching wisdom which so eminently characterises Mr. Spurgeon's plans. The orphanage is thoroughly unsectarian, and now contains upwards of two hundred boys.

The present year has witnessed the development of an entirely new undertaking, in the shape of an orphanage for girls, and there can be no doubt that from the enthusiasm which the project has evoked it will speedily become an established success.

Mr. Spurgeon's work has been frequently subjected to keen criticism, and in the earlier stages of his career, his motives were often misconstrued, and perhaps sometimes wilfully misrepresented. Now, however, all this is changed, and it is everywhere acknowledged, that as a preacher and philanthropist, he has rendered services which entitle his name to a foremost place among the public benefactors of the age.

A few years ago Edmund Yates, in a piquant sketch in *The World*, of "Mr. Spurgeon at Home," remarked:—"As we stroll out of that pleasant retreat, our companion, a professed cynic, has nothing to say but, 'What a good fellow! Here is a man, with a following of thousands, who does his work well, brings up his sons to trade, drinks cold water, and—and does not care about making twenty

thousand pounds!'" The latter remark refers to the tempting offers which have been repeatedly made to him for a course of sermons or lectures in the United States.

His personal practice of total abstinence is thus summed up in his own characteristic way:—"I abstain myself from all alcoholic drink in every form, and I think others would be wise to do the same; but of this each one must be a guide unto himself." In his sermons, Mr. Spurgeon has frequently pointed out in vigorous language the enormities of the sin of intemperance; and in many of his published sermons there are incidental references to the question clearly indicating the measure of indignation with which he views the liquor traffic; as, for example, the following:—"That cup—which seldom is of benefit to any one, even when taken in moderation, and to many is damnation if they touch a drop of it—has drawn its thousands down to perdition."

Nor is it only in his preaching that Mr. Spurgeon has a good word for total abstinence. As the merry and wise "John Ploughman," he has confessedly "talked" many drinkers from hot water to cold water. Nearly 300,000 copies of "John Ploughman's Talk" have already been sold, and by this means an impetus must have been given to total abstinence work at home and abroad. "John" hits straight to the mark, but so good-naturedly, that even those who feel that they are wounded, must own that fair play has not been transgressed.

The popularity of "John Ploughman's Talk" has induced Mr. Spurgeon to issue a companion volume, "John Ploughman's Pictures." In the preface he

tells us that, "To smite evil—and especially the monster evil of drink—has been my earnest endeavour, and assuredly there is need. It may be that the vice of drunkenness is not more common than it used to be; but it is sufficiently rampant to cause sorrow in every Christian bosom, and to lead all lovers of their race to lift up their voices against it. I hope that the plain speech of JOHN PLOUGHMAN will help in that direction."

The volume abounds in thorough Temperance teaching. The following brief extract has a personal interest, which justifies its quotation in this place:—

"Certain neighbours of mine laugh at me for being a teetotaler, and I might well laugh at them for being drunk, only I feel more inclined to cry that they should be such fools. Oh that we could get them sober, and then perhaps we might make men of them. You cannot do much with these fellows, unless you can enlist them in the Coldstream guards.

> He that any good would win
> At his mouth must first begin.

As long as drink drowns conscience and reason, you might as well talk to the hogs. The rascals will promise fair and take the pledge, and then take their coats to pledge to get more beer. We smile at a tipsy man, for he is a ridiculous creature, but when we see how he is ruined body and soul it is no joking matter. How solemn is the truth that, 'No drunkard shall inherit eternal life.'"

VII.

JOHN LOCKE,

The Renowned Philosopher.

VII.

"Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill."

SIR H. WOTTON.

A WORLD of wisdom dwells in Captain Cuttle's quaint admonition, "When found, make a note of." Happy is the man who has made the methodical maxim his golden rule! Much valuable information runs to waste daily, and there can be no question life would have been relieved of some of its more embarrassing conditions, had the art of remembering kept equal pace with the art of discovering. Thirty years ago a determined effort was made to bring about an improvement, and the reform was commenced in an influential quarter, with results which have already been incalculable, although the work is as yet far from completed. Prior to the period named, the condition of our National Records was simply disgraceful. Huddled together as so much dusty lumber, in the Rolls Chapel, the Chapter House, Westminster Abbey, the State Paper Office, and elsewhere,—no one knew where anything was. Stores of knowledge, which might have been used in the interests of the community, were thus hidden away in unclassified confusion and neglect, to the deep regret of the few persistent men who were bent upon introducing order where chaos reigned.

In 1850, Parliament resolved to provide a suitable storehouse for our National Records, and on the 24th May, 1851, Lord Romilly, at that time Master of the Rolls, and Keeper of the Records, laid the first stone of the magnificent Gothic structure now known as the Record Office, Fetter Lane.

The Search Offices are open to all applicants, nor is any reference or preliminary form required from those wishing to consult Court Rolls or State Papers over twenty years old. To Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy the task of arranging the contents of the great treasure house was entrusted, and aided by a staff of learned assistants, good progress has been made. The magnitude of the work can scarcely be realised; in Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy's words, the number of Records stored within the building can only be reckoned by "*hundreds of millions!*"

It is anticipated that in due time all the Episcopal Records of England will find a home in the Record Office, and also that many family papers, which now lie unforgotten in the stately homes of the country, will soon reveal their precious secrets to the painstaking students in Fetter Lane. If an incentive be required by the nobility and gentry, it may surely be found in the generous example of the Earl of Shaftesbury, who has sent his splendid collection of family documents. This gift has made the world richer by the deeply interesting glimpses which it gives of the inner life of John Locke, who was for many years a member of the first Earl's household. Many letters written by the philosopher during the middle period of his life,—several essays upon theological, political, and scientific subjects,—and other documents which

throw considerable light upon the leading events of his life, are among the Shaftesbury papers. They are "the richest mine at which a student of Locke's biography can work," is the emphatic opinion of Mr. Fox Bourne, than whom no one is certainly more entitled to be heard upon the matter. By the aid of these precious chronicles, we are enabled to follow, with some degree of certainty, the waymarks of one of England's noblest sons: the veil which for long years had obscured an intensely interesting career is withdrawn; and problems which have baffled the researches of an able succession of his biographers, are wiped away by the imperishable tracings of the man himself.

The Lockes' are a West of England family; and so far back as 1603, a Nicholas Locke was in business as a cloth merchant at Publow, or Pensford, Somersetshire. One of his sons, John, "an extreme wise man," was married in 1630 to Agnes or Anne Keene, "a most beautiful woman," and from this union came the distinguished John Locke, born at Wrington, on the 29th August, 1632, and Thomas, born at Pensford five years later. The father was educated for the Law, and made for himself a good position as an attorney. He was clerk to the justices for the district in which he resided, and was for twenty years the confidential adviser of one Alexander Popham, who owned considerable property in Somersetshire.

Pensford, the village in which Attorney Locke made his home, is about six miles from Bristol, on the road to Shepton-Mallet; and although the house has been removed, a field which flanked its rear is still known as Locke's Mead.

baffled wretch, and lie under the disgrace of not being able to maintain whatever he has once affirmed, which is the great aim and glory of disputing."

He took his Bachelor's degree in 1655-6, and proceeded to the degree of Master of Arts in 1658. It is interesting to note Lady Masham's comment upon Locke's Oxford days:—"I have often heard him say," she writes, "that he had so small satisfaction there from his studies, as finding very little light brought thereby to his understanding, that he became discontented with his manner of life, and wished his father had rather designed him for anything else than what he was destined to, apprehending that his no greater progress in knowledge proceeded from his not being fitted or capacitated to be a scholar."

There was, however, one teacher at the University whom Locke greatly esteemed, namely, Dr. Edward Pococke, the Regius Professor of Hebrew. In one of his letters he speaks with warm enthusiasm of the Professor:—"He had often the silence of a learner, where he had the knowledge of a master; and that not with a design, as is often, that the ignorance any one betrayed might give him the opportunity to display his own knowledge with the more lustre and advantage to their shame, or censure them when they were gone; for these arts of triumph and ostentation, frequently practised by men of skill and ability, were unknown to him. I never heard him say anything that put any one who was present the least out of countenance, nor even censure, or so much as speak diminishingly, of any one that was absent. He was a man of no irregular appetites. If he indulged any one too much, it was that of study,

which his wife would often complain of (I think not without reason), that a due consideration of his age and health could not make him abate. Though he was a man of the greatest temperance in himself, and the farthest from ostentation and vanity in his way of living, yet he was of a liberal mind, and given to hospitality." It is not too much to say, that in the graphic estimate of the Professor, from which we have taken these sentences, Locke has unconsciously drawn a portrait which may fairly be accepted as his own. In his temperance, in his modesty, in his simple virtues, in his blameless life, Locke was the counterpart of "the good man," whose noble qualities had constrained his affection and inspired his pen.

The works of the French philosopher, Descartes, became a favourite study with Locke. "He was rejoiced in reading these, because, though he very often differed in opinion from this writer, he yet found that what he said was very intelligible; from whence he was encouraged to think that his not having understood others had possibly not proceeded from a defect in his understanding." In a memorandum belonging to his father, there are some entries in Locke's handwriting bearing upon philosophical questions, and as the father died in 1661, the notes must have been jotted down while Locke was a young man. We have already seen something of the strong feelings of affection existing between the father and son, and a further touching illustration is afforded by a letter which passed between them only a few months before Locke senior died. It was written from Oxford in December 1660, and the strain

of pathos which runs through the epistle cannot but touch the heart, when one remembers the writer's relation to the person addressed.

"MOST DEAR AND EVER-LOVING FATHER,—I did not doubt but that the noise of a very dangerous sickness here would reach you, but I am alarmed with a more dangerous disease from Pensford, and were I as secure of your health as (I thank God) I am of my own, I should not think myself in danger; but I cannot be safe so long as I hear of your weakness, and that increase of your malady upon you, which I beg that you would, by the timely application of remedies, endeavour to remove. Dr. Meary has more than once put a stop to its encroachment. The same skill, the same means, the same God to bless you, is left still. Do not, I beseech you, by that care you ought to have of yourself, by that tenderness I am sure you have of us, neglect your own and our safety too; do not, by a too pressing care for your children, endanger the only comfort they have left. I cannot distrust that Providence which hath conducted us thus far; and if either your disappointments or necessities shall reduce us to narrower conditions than you could wish, content shall enlarge it; therefore let not those thoughts distress you. There is nothing that I have which can be so well employed as to his use from whom I first received it; and if your convenience can leave me nothing else, I shall have a head and hands and industry still left with me, which alone have been able to raise sufficient fortunes. Pray, sir, therefore, make your life as comfortable and lasting as you can;

let not any consideration of us cast you into the least despondency. If I have any reflections on, or desires of, free and competent subsistence, it is more in reference to another (whom you may guess) to whom I am very much obliged, than for myself; but no thoughts, how important soever, shall make me forget my duty, and a father is more than all other relations; and the greatest satisfaction I can propose to myself in the world is my hopes that you may yet live to receive the return of some comfort for all that care and indulgence you have placed in, Sir, your most obedient son, J. L."

It was about this time that Locke was appointed Greek Lecturer at Oxford for the ensuing year. In 1663, he became Lecturer on Rhetoric, and a year later, Censor of Moral Philosophy. The choice of a profession was now seriously engaging his attention. His father had evidently intended him for the ministry, and influential friends had also advised him to adopt such a course. In one of his letters, written to a friend in Dublin, we read :—"I believe you think me too proud to undertake anything wherein I should acquit myself but unworthily. I am sure I cannot content myself with being undermost, possibly middlemost, of my profession; and you will allow, care is to be taken not to engage in a calling wherein, if one chance to be a bungler, there is no retreat." He adds: "The same considerations have made me a long time regret very advantageous offers of several very considerable friends in England. I cannot now be forward to disgrace you, or any one else, by being lifted into a place

which, perhaps, I cannot fill, and from whence there is no descending without tumbling." The medical profession eventually commended itself to Locke's judgment, and his studies were soon directed to this end.

The great Plague of 1665 caused a complete exodus from London. Charles II. and his Court took refuge in Oxford, and while there convened a short session of Parliament. The voting of "Supply" was the order of the day, so as to enable the Government to carry on the War with Holland. Sir Walter Vane was nominated an embassy to the Elector of Brandenburg, and Locke accompanied him as secretary. This was Locke's "first and last experiment in diplomatic service." His continental experience furnished him with many amusing incidents, which he communicated to his English correspondents in free and easy missives, full of quiet humour, and not without occasional flashes of satire. For example, in a letter describing his dining at a monastery with the Franciscan friars, he writes: "The Prior had upon the table by him a little bell, which he rang when he wanted anything: and those that waited never brought him anything, or took it away, but they bowed with much reverence and kissed the table. The prior was a good plump fellow, that had more belly than brains, and methought was very fit to be reverenced, and not much unlike some head of a college. I liked him well for an entertainment; for, if we had had a good dinner, he would not have disturbed me much with his discourse. The first that kissed the table did it so leisurely that I thought he had held his head there that the

prior, during our silence, might have wrote something on his bald crown, and made it sink that way into his understanding." The Church music which he listened to at Cleve was such as he had "never heard." They had strong voices, but so ill-tuned, so ill-managed, that it was their misfortune, as well as ours, that they could be heard. "He that could not, though he had a cold, make better music with a chevy-chase over a pot of smooth ale, deserved well to pay the reckoning and go away athirst. However, I think they were the honestest singing men I have ever seen; for they endeavoured to deserve their money, and earned it certainly with pains enough; for what they wanted in skill they made up with loudness and variety. Every one had his own time, and the result of all was like the noise of choosing Parliament men, where every one endeavours to cry the loudest."

When Locke returned to England he received an offer to engage in further diplomatic work, but this he declined. "Whether," said he, "I have let slip the minute that they say every one has once in his life to make himself, I cannot tell;" and he philosophically adds, "This, I am sure, I never trouble myself for the loss of that which I never had." So it was that he again settled down at Oxford to resume his medical studies. In July 1666, he was introduced to Lord Ashley (the first Earl Shaftesbury), and perhaps it is not too much to say, that he thus found himself face to face with the eventful moment, which, as we have already seen, he was half fearful he had allowed to escape. He was then in his thirty-fourth year, and the intimacy which thus

commenced ripened into a friendship only interrupted by the nobleman's death, some eighteen years later.

The origin of the acquaintanceship is thus narrated by the third Earl of Shaftesbury :—" Mr. Locke came into my grandfather's family in the summer of the year 1666, recommended by his friend, Mr. Bennet, of the town of Shaftesbury. The occasion of it was this. My grandfather had been ill for a great while after a fall, by which his breast was so bruised that in time it came to an imposthumation within, and appeared by a swelling under his stomach. Mr. Locke was at that time a student at Oxford, and my grandfather, taking a journey that way to drink the waters, having Mr. Bennet in the coach with him, he had this young physician presented to him, who, though he had never practised physic, yet appeared to my grandfather to be such a genius, that he valued him above all other physicians, the great men in practice in those times."

A year later the young physician was at the Earl's London residence, Exeter House, " as a man at home, and lived in that family much esteemed, not only by my lord, but by all the friends of the family." Apart altogether from the social advantages which such an arrangement implied, it was of real service to Locke in other ways, not the least in providing him with the care and attention which his own delicate state of health so urgently needed. His duties as physician to the family were not onerous, and even when to these were added the tutorship to the eldest son, a boy of fifteen, there was still a fair margin of time left at Locke's own disposal. " Mr. Locke grew so much in esteem with my grandfather," writes the

Earl from whom we have already quoted, "that, as great a man as he experienced him in physic, he looked upon this but as his least part. He encouraged him to turn his thoughts another way; nor would he suffer him to practise physic except in his own family, and as a kindness to some particular friend. He put him upon the study of the religious and civil affairs of the nation, with whatsoever related to the business of a minister of state, in which he was so successful that my grandfather soon began to use him as a friend, and consult with him upon all occasions of that kind."

Locke's council was utilised in matters of domestic interest too; and, by all accounts, the marriage of his pupil to Lady Dorothy Manners was brought about by the philosopher's diplomacy. When Shaftesbury became Lord Chancellor, Locke was appointed Secretary of Presentations, with a salary of £300 a year: but the Earl did not get on well with Parliament, and when he was dismissed from the Chancellorship, Locke of course also lost his secretaryship.

In 1674 he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Medicine at Oxford, and was appointed to one of the two medical studentships at Christ Church. The next year he paid a visit to France (in the company of George Walls, a young Christ Church student and clergyman). He settled down at Montpellier on Christmas Day 1675, and remained there till March 1677. He travelled round about the adjacent district, and filled up his time with reading and study, his chief occupation being the revision and expansion of notes written in the previous years, in preparation for the "Essay concerning Human Understanding."

He was, indeed, practically following the excellent advice which he had jotted down in his Journal, and for the reasons therein given; namely, "The extent of knowledge, or things knowable, is so vast, our duration here so short, and the entrance by which the knowledge of things gets into our understanding so narrow, that the whole time of our life is not enough to acquaint us with all those things, I will not say which we are capable of knowing, but which it would be not only convenient but very advantageous to know. It therefore much behoves us to improve the best we can our time and talent in this respect, and, since we have a long journey to go, and the days are but short, to take the straightest and most direct road we can."

He returned to London in 1679, and once more took up his residence with Earl Shaftesbury. A few days prior to Locke's arrival the Earl had been appointed President of the new Privy Council, and the great political question of the hour was as to the choice of an heir to Charles II. Shaftesbury warmly supported the candidature of the Duke of Monmouth, in opposition to the Prince of Orange. Meanwhile the aspect of affairs became daily more embarrassing, and when the king summoned a new Parliament to meet in Oxford on the 21st March, 1680-1, the whole country was in a state of ferment. The Parliament only lasted seven days, and no other Parliament met during the remainder of Charles II.'s reign. In the midst of the tumult Shaftesbury was imprisoned in the Tower "on a trumped-up charge of treason," but obtained his liberty in about five months. All through the following summer he was

plotting for an insurrection, and when his plans were discovered, he fled to Holland. He soon afterwards fell ill, and died on the 31st January, 1682-3.

Locke's attitude during this time is thus stated by Mr. Bourne :—" Instead of taking any part in Shaftesbury's ill-planned and unwise conspiracy on behalf of the Duke of Monmouth during that luckless year, there is good ground for inferring that he joined with others in vainly endeavouring to dissuade Shaftesbury from his rash action, and that, when he found his advice was of no avail, he went down to live quietly in his student's quarters at Christ Church, and there pursue his literary and medical studies. There was no breach in his friendship for Shaftesbury, however, and no slackening of his efforts to render all the service in his power to the Earl and to his family."

The disturbed state of public affairs induced Locke to leave England, and he had not been gone more than a year, when he was suspected of having written some libellous pamphlets against the king, who thereupon ordered his expulsion from the University, which arbitrary act was accordingly done.

" In Holland," says Lady Masham, " he had full leisure to prosecute his thoughts on the subject of ' Human Understanding '—a work which, in all probability, he never would have finished had he continued in England."

When William of Orange left the Hague for London in 1688-9, Locke was one of those who accompanied him, and shortly after his arrival in England, he entered into negotiations for the publication of his Essay. The book was in the booksellers' shops early in 1690 ; and the first edition is a fine folio, " printed

by Eliz. Holt for Thomas Basset at the George in Fleet Street, near St. Dunstan's Church." Locke received £30 for the copyright.

His name was not on the title page, but was appended to the dedication to the Earl of Pembroke. The history of this famous book is indeed the history of modern philosophy. Professor Fowler, the most recent contributor to Locke literature, rightly says:—

"It was not, however, only its general spirit and direction which Locke impressed on the philosophy of the eighteenth century. He may almost be said to have re-created that philosophy. There is hardly a single French or English writer (and we may add Kant) down to the time of Dugald Stewart, or even of Cousin, Hamilton, and J. S. Mill, who does not profess either to develop Locke's system, or to supplement, or to criticize it."

Finding the London atmosphere so injurious to his health, Locke took up his residence with his old friends, Sir Francis and Lady Masham, at High Laver, in Essex, where he lived very happily for the remainder of his days. He continued to manifest a warm interest in public affairs, and contributed several publications to the controversies of the day.

The winter of 1703-4 seems to have been peculiarly trying to his health. He hardly expected to live through it, but he still maintained his cheerful disposition. The end came on October 28th, 1704.

A few days before the event he received the sacrament from the parish minister, professing his perfect charity with all men, and his "sincere communion with the whole Church of Christ, by whatever name Christ's followers call themselves."

"His death," says Lady Masham, "was like his life, truly pious, yet natural, easy, and unaffected; nor can time, I think, ever produce a more eminent example of reason and religion than he was, living and dying."

With regard to intoxicating liquors, Locke's testimony was altogether in favour of total abstinence. Lord King, in his "Life," vol. ii., p. 60, remarks:—"His diet was the same as other people's, except that he usually drank nothing but water; and he thought that his abstinence in this respect had preserved his life so long, although his constitution was so weak."

Locke was conspicuous for the thoroughness of his views upon total abstinence, and we suppose stands alone, as the man who refused an ambassadorship because he was an abstainer! The circumstance may be best explained in his own words, only premising that it was upon the occasion of the accession of William and Mary, when he was offered an appointment as ambassador to Brandenburg. He states in a letter to Lord Mordaunt:—"I think it much better that I should be laid by and be forgotten for ever, than that they should at all suffer by my ambition, and forwardly undertaking what my want of health and experience would not let me manage to the best advantage. . . . If I have reason to apprehend the cold air of the country, there is yet another thing in it as inconsistent with my constitution, and that is their warm drinking. . . . It is no small matter in such stations to be acceptable to the people one has to do with, in being able to accommodate one's self to their fashions; and I imagine, whatever I may do there myself, the knowing what others are doing is at least one-half of my business, and *I know no such*

rack in the world to draw out men's thoughts as a well-managed bottle. If, therefore, it were fit for me to advise in this case, I should think it more for the King's interest to send a man of equal parts, that could drink his share, than the soberest man in the kingdom."

Several other portions of his correspondence contain references to the drinking customs of the time, and in a letter to one of his most intimate friends, Esther Masham, we have a further testimony to his own practice. Writing in July 1699, he says:—"I thank you for the care you take of my brewhouse and drink. 'Tis like a good Dib, and when I go into our nown (*sic*) country of Wales I promise you a bottle of the best metheglin for it." Esther Masham's note to this letter runs thus:—"Mr. Locke drank nothing but water. What he calls his brewhouse was a stone, in form of a great mortar, of so spongy a stone that water, being put in, used to run through in a very short time, and strained the water from any dirt that might be in it;"—in a word, the brewhouse was a *filter!*

As a physician, he invariably advised his friends to become abstainers. Commenting upon his prescription for Lady Northumberland who lay ill in Paris, Locke adds, "I have proposed also a total abstinence from wine, light suppers, and early going to bed."

In a letter to his friend Clarke in 1692, he says: "I am extremely troubled that your cold sticks upon you. Pray drink water, and carefully, no wine, and be as little abroad in the evenings as you can."

In 1697, he advised the king, "whenever his asthma was troublesome, to abstain from wine and heavy

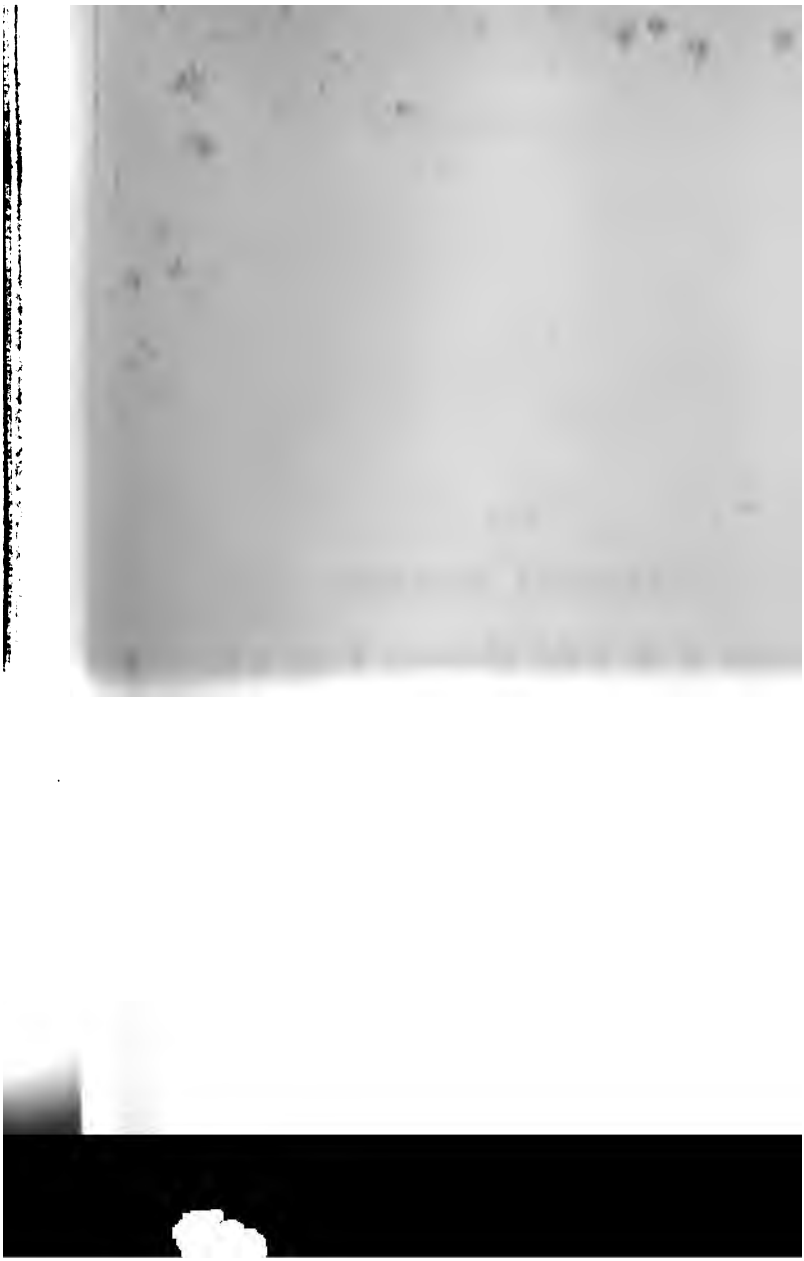
feeding." Then again in 1702 we have the following letter to his constant correspondent, Limborch :—" I am sure you do well in rigidly abstaining from the use of wine and every other kind of fermented liquor. Use barley-water or some similar beverage instead, and eat very little flesh or savoury dishes of any sort. Be content with herbs and vegetables, oatmeal and bread. This diet will strengthen your constitution, and bring back the freshness of youth to your veins." Besides this practical recommendation of total abstinence as a professional man, Locke had conceived that it was the duty of the State to interfere with regard to the suppression of the liquor traffic. He advocated the principles of the United Kingdom Alliance nearly two hundred years before that great organisation sprang into existence. From 1696 to 1700, Locke was a member of the Government Commission on Trades and Plantations, and during that time submitted some proposals for Poor Law Reform, in which we find the following striking passage: " The first step, therefore, towards the settling of the poor on work, we humbly conceive, ought to be a restraint of their debauchery by a strict execution of the laws provided against it, *more particularly by the suppression of superfluous brandy shops and unnecessary alehouses, especially in country parishes not lying upon great roads.*"

Locke must also be credited with being the author of an Act of Parliament passed in 1697, " to protect the English lustring company by imposing very heavy penalties upon the smuggling or importation of foreign lustrings, and for two Acts passed in the following year, the one forbidding the exportation of corn, the

VIII.

CARDINAL MANNING,

Founder of the Total Abstinence League of the Cross.



VIII.

"By rules severe his life he squared,
That all might see the doctrines which they heard:
'For priests,' he said, 'are patterns for the rest.'"
JOHN DRYDEN.

VISITORS to the secluded village of Totteridge, in Hertfordshire, will find only a limited number of sights for their wondering inspection; indeed, to be precise, there are but three—namely, the old yew tree, said to be fully two thousand years old; Lord Cottenham's monument in the hallowed churchyard; and the house in which Henry Edward Manning (second Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster) was born on July 15th, 1808.

The Cardinal's father was a London merchant of considerable influence, who, besides being governor of the Bank of England, occupied a seat in Parliament for many years, first as member for Evesham, and subsequently as member for Penrhyn. The Cardinal was sent at an early age to Harrow, which is situate at a convenient distance from his native place; and had for his contemporaries the present Archbishop of Dublin; Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews; the Duke of Abercorn; Lord Claud Hamilton; and a host of lesser celebrities. He matriculated at Balliol College, Oxford, and graduated B.A. in first-class classical honours in 1830.



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other prohibiting the exportation of beer and ale, and the manufacture of any other alcoholic liquors by the fermentation of corn."

In his "Thoughts Concerning Education," the philosopher gives some wholesome counsel to parents,—advice, which, if accepted in its bearing upon the Temperance question, could not fail to exert an important influence for good. He tells us, "You must do nothing before him which you would not have him imitate. If anything escape you, which you would have pass for a fault in him, he will be sure to shelter himself under your example, and shelter himself so that it will not be easy to correct it in him in the right way. . . . You must always remember that children affect to be men earlier than is thought, and they love breeches, not for their cut or ease, but because the having them is a mark of a step towards manhood. . . . Teach him to get a mastery over his inclinations, and submit his appetite to reason. This being obtained by constant practice, settled into habit, the hardest part of the task is over."

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Subsequently, Mr. Manning was elected a fellow of Merton College, and took holy orders in the Church of England. In 1834 he was appointed Rector of the united benefices of Lavington and Graffham in Sussex, where he remained until about five years later, when he was promoted to the Archdeaconry of Chichester.

It is not within our province to enter into a statement of the reasons which have been given for Archdeacon Manning's secession from the Church of England; it will be sufficient for present purposes to remind the reader that the crisis was brought about by the historic Gorham case, and that in 1851 he relinquished his appointments and joined the Church of Rome. He was confirmed by Cardinal Wiseman on the 13th April, and having passed the various grades, entered the full priesthood on the 15th June following.

Father Manning next repaired to Rome, where he remained engaged in theological studies for three years, but visited his native land every summer. In 1854 he was admitted to the degree of D.D. by the Pope, and then proceeded to found the congregation of the Oblates of St. Charles at Bayswater. In 1857 he was appointed Provost of Westminster, and in 1860 Prothonotary Apostolic. Upon the death of Cardinal Wiseman, Dr. Manning was nominated his successor, and was consecrated second Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, on June 8th, 1865. Ten years later he was, to the great joy of his Catholic fellow-countrymen, advanced to the dignity of a Cardinal.

As a pulpit orator, the Cardinal bears a high

reputation ; and the following excerpt from a sermon preached at the *requiem* of Cardinal Wiseman may be taken as a specimen of his glowing style :—"We have lost a friend, a father, and a pastor, whose memory will be with us while life lasts. As one who knew him well said well of him, 'we are lowered by his loss.' We have all lost somewhat which was our support, our strength, our guidance, our pattern, and our pride. He has fallen asleep in the midst of the generous, kindly, just, noble-hearted sympathy of the people, of the public men, of the public voice of England—a great people, strong and bold in its warfare; but humane, chivalrous, and Christian to the antagonists who are worthy to contend with it. He is gone ; but he has left behind him in our memory a long line of historical pictures, traced in the light of other days upon a field which will retain its colours fresh and vivid for ever. Bear him forth to the green burial ground on the outskirts of this busy wilderness of men. It was his desire to die and be buried, not amid the glories of Rome, but in the midst of his flock. It is but the body of his death which you bear forth with tears of loving veneration. He is not here; he will not be there. He is already where the Great Shepherd of the sheep is numbering His elect, and those who led them to the fold of eternal life."

As an author, the Cardinal has attained considerable popularity, and his published works, chiefly volumes of sermons and expositions of various phases of religious beliefs, are very numerous. Some of his earlier and less controversial sermons have won the esteem of men of all parties, whilst it is generally

admitted that the Cardinal's frequent contributions to current ecclesiastical literature command a wider circle of readers than those of almost any other living theologian.

The Cardinal has now been a total abstainer for about ten years, and has laboured incessantly for the extension of the principle. His thoroughness upon the question has been abundantly shown, and it would be impossible to convey anything like an adequate expression of the enthusiasm which he aroused amongst his co-religionists in Liverpool a few years ago, when he said that "he held drunkenness to be the fountain of all vice and sin, and such being his conviction, as long as he lived his effort would be to assist in putting down and limiting, in any degree that he could, the great evil of intoxicating drink." Upon the same occasion he further observed, that "he felt that it was his duty, whatever might be the opinion of others,—and he respected those who differed from him,—to pursue the path upon which he had entered, and that was the path of total abstinence; and to endeavour by word and deed to induce others to pursue the same course." The Cardinal is a vice-president of the United Kingdom Alliance, upon whose platform he is often to be found in many parts of the country. The Sunday Closing movement has his warmest support, and he never wearies of reiterating his belief in Local Option as being the most practical platform of temperance legislation before the country.

But it is not only in public meetings that the Cardinal carries on his Temperance crusade. It is well known that his palace is a house of call for the

elite of his communion, and that not a few influential councils are held there during the season. Upon one of these occasions, when upwards of one hundred notable men were present, including the Earl of Denbigh, the Marquis of Ripon, and Lord Osborne, his Eminence brought forward with deliberation the proposals of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and after expressing regret that he had not hitherto been encouraged by the measure of support which he had a right to expect from the upper and middle classes of Catholics, earnestly appealed to all present to do something to stop the desolating ravages of intemperance.

In addressing a quarterly meeting of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, the Cardinal said, "They knew that he had advocated the principles of the Permissive Bill; he had spoken in its favour at meetings in various halls, and, although that measure might not be able to affect the vice of drunkenness so fully as they might desire, he believed that its principles were good. He believed that nothing short of the Permissive Bill legislation would stem the tide of drunkenness. It was the too free use of drink which filled our workhouses and prisons, and the burden of this fell upon the ratepayers. Therefore, he thought that the ratepayers should have it in their power to check the sale of that which ruined whole communities. Until the popular vote had the regulation of the drink traffic, nothing effective, he believed, would be done to check drunkenness. Visiting the houses of the poor, they saw sorrow and wretchedness. What was it that caused all this? Drink. What was it that made men and women indifferent to their religious duties, and made comparatively empty churches? Drink.

Therefore he asked them to assist him in the advocacy of Temperance."

Upon another occasion, the Cardinal said: "The one main hindrance to men and women practising their religion was drink, which was not one sin, but every sin under heaven. A man or a woman that drank was not only a drunkard, but there was no kind of sin they would not commit when their brain was darkened and their conscience dull."

And again: "The man who drank moderately would go into the public-house, and was likely to be fond of the taste of intoxicating drink, and when a man had that taste in his mouth, he had the devil's yoke on his lips. He called upon all the wives present to set a good example to their husbands, and to bring up their children so that they should not care for, nor even know, the taste of intoxicating drink."

The Total Abstinence League of the Cross, founded by the Cardinal a few years ago, has met with extraordinary success. It has now twenty-four branches, vigorous, growing, and fruitful, and during the last year 1200 meetings were held in connection therewith. The League holds two aggregate meetings in the year, one, very appropriately, on the anniversary of Father Mathew's birth, and the other the anniversary of the foundation of the League. The membership now comprises several thousand abstainers, young and old; so formidable are the figures indeed, that the Cardinal at a recent meeting in Exeter Hall, humorously remarked, "He did not say that the Secretary broke his pledge, and saw 'double,' but the number was so great, that he was almost

afraid to believe that the movement had been so successful as was represented."

In connection with the League there is a system of "guardship," which has proved extremely useful.

Without these officers the Cardinal says the League of the Cross would never have reached its present magnificent proportions. The "guards" form a body bound to the League by a double bond. They are, like other members, bound by their pledge, and they are bound also by being admitted to be, as tried persons, the leaders and the heads of their branches. The "old guards" train the "young guards," who number over four hundred, and they in their turn gather in recruits to the great regiment.

In addition to the annual meetings in Exeter Hall, the League has usually a yearly demonstration at the Crystal Palace, when the gathering is largely increased by contingents from the country. Upon one of these occasions, the Cardinal related the following anecdote, which carries its own lesson :—

"I was walking along the other day, and I saw a hodman carrying his hod and going home from his work. He had his pipe in his mouth, and I said to myself, 'Maybe this is one of my flock.' When I came up to him he said, 'Good-night, your riverence!' 'Oh,' I said, 'you belong to me.' 'Yes, your riverence.' 'Where were you born?' 'In Ireland, your riverence.' 'I know that, but what part?' 'The County of Cork, your riverence.' 'Did you ever take the pledge?' 'No, your riverence.' 'Why didn't you?' 'Well, I asked father and he said he didn't think that I wanted it.' I said, 'Well, it will do no harm, I have taken it.' 'And did you want it, your riverence?' 'Well,

I can't say that I did, but it will do you a great deal of good.' Now I say this to all. Don't say, 'I don't need it.' The day may come, when you will, but now you have the opportunity to set the example to others."

The present aspect of the Temperance question in the Churches is indeed highly encouraging. The prominent leaders of nearly every denomination are declaring themselves upon the side of total abstinence, and the Catholic Church is to be congratulated upon having such brilliant lights as Cardinal Manning and Cardinal M'Closkey, courageous enough to acknowledge to the world that they are not only able, but willing, to fulfil the important duties of their distinguished positions, without the stimulating aid of alcoholic liquors.

IX.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON,

The Slave Abolitionist.

IX.

"Behind the cloud the starlight lurks;
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all His works,
Has left His hope with all."

J. G. WHITTIER.

GREAT reforms have usually been of slow growth. Often, after years of arduous toil, the pioneers have been called to their reward, while the grand results of their life-work still remained to be fully completed. So true it is, "One soweth and another reapeth." To William Lloyd Garrison, however, it was permitted to lead a righteous movement from its first beginnings to entire and triumphant victory. Yet so modest a hero was he, that when his death was chronicled, many were ready to ask, "Who was he?" "What did he do?"

The present generation finds it difficult to comprehend that at the commencement of the century, the slave trade was a recognised institution in professedly civilized and Christian lands. Even British merchants were amassing princely fortunes by the traffic in human flesh and blood; so that a Liverpool audience was once mercilessly taunted with the scornful assurance that "there was not a brick in their houses which was not cemented with a brother's blood!" and the Legislature of one of the United States, boldly put a price of 5,000 dollars on the head of the man who dared to

declare that freedom was the birthright of every one born into the world. History has treasured up the sad record; and, in connection with the glorious Abolition movement, the honoured names of Wilberforce, Clarkson, Buxton, Abraham Lincoln, Sturge, and, by no means least, William Lloyd Garrison, must never be forgotten.

It is somewhat remarkable that almost every distinguished American has descended from the New England settlers. The poets, scholars, statesmen, historians, philanthropists of the New World, may nearly all be proved to be genealogically connected with the men of the *Mayflower*. Such is the case with William Lloyd Garrison. He was born at Newburyport, Massachusetts, on December 12th, 1804. His early life was attended with considerable hardship, and with scarcely any educational advantages, beyond those which self-effort secured. As a boy he worked at shoemaking, and still later on, he supported himself by wood-chopping. It is not a little singular that Lincoln was also a rail-splitter, and so the forcible words of Ralph Waldo Emerson, "fishers and ploughmen shall constitute a State," are something more than a figure of speech.

Garrison was next apprenticed to the printer and publisher of the *Newburyport Herald*. When barely eighteen years of age, unknown at first to the editor, he began to contribute to the literary contents of the *Herald*. At the expiration of his apprenticeship he was appointed editor of the *Free Press*, but the paper proved unsuccessful. At the age of twenty-three he took charge of the *National Philanthropist*, the first Temperance periodical ever published; and it may

be mentioned that the Total Abstinence movement had his unwavering support throughout the whole of his eventful life.

In 1829, a Mr. Lundy, of Baltimore, secured his services as assistant editor of the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*, a journal which boldly advocated the rights of the slaves. The uncompromising spirit of his contributions to this paper subjected him to an action for libel, and for more than a month he suffered imprisonment, till Arthur Tappan, of New York, a stranger to him, who had read some of his articles, paid the fine, and he was released. Years after he writes: "In 1864, I went to Baltimore for the first time since my imprisonment. I do not think that I could have gone at an earlier period, except at the peril of my life; and then only because the American Government was there in force, holding the rebel elements in subserviency. I was naturally curious to see the old prison again, and if possible to get into my old cell; but when I went to the spot, behold! the prison had vanished; and so I was greatly disappointed. On going to Washington I mentioned to President Lincoln the disappointment I had met with. With a smiling countenance and ready wit he replied: 'So, Mr. Garrison, the difference between 1830 and 1864 appears to be this: in 1830 you could not get out, and in 1864 you could not get in!' This was not only wittily said, but it truthfully indicated the wonderful revolution that had taken place in Maryland; for she had adopted the very doctrine for which she had imprisoned me, and given immediate and unconditional emancipation to her eighty thousand slaves."

In 1831, he founded the *Liberator*, an anti-slavery newspaper, which he continued to publish weekly without intermission for thirty-five years; at the end of this period President Lincoln's famous proclamation of emancipation was accepted by him as an intimation that the mission of his journal was accomplished. For a single life thus to have witnessed the overthrow of the deep-seated institution of Slavery, was indeed an enviable distinction.

Shortly after the *Liberator* was commenced, Mr. H. G. Otis wrote: "It was reported to me, by the city officers, that they had ferreted out the paper and its editor; that his office was an obscure hole, his only visible auxiliary a negro boy, and his supporters a few very insignificant persons of all colours." From this room the *Liberator* was issued for several years, this one room serving as printing office, living-room, and bedroom for Garrison, his friend Knapp, and a small negro boy. In the early days of this noble enterprise their means were exceedingly limited, and their diet was principally bread and water, with occasionally the luxury of a little milk. Lowell has immortalised this passage of the *Liberator's* experience—

> "In a small chamber, friendless and alone,
> Toiled o'er his types a poor unlearned young man;
> The place was dark, unfurnitured, and mean—
> Yet *there* the freedom of a race began."

When the purpose of Garrison and his few followers was fully recognised, the anger of his countrymen knew no bounds. The Virginian slave-owners, and Carolina cotton-growers, viewed the new doctrine as

a dire assailant of the rights of property; while others outside the slave interests were equally hostile in defence of what they called the "fair fame of the nation." So intense was the feeling against the Abolitionists, that during the first five years of the publication of the *Liberator*, it has been stated that Garrison was almost daily threatened with assassination, and the Legislature of Georgia put a price of 5,000 dollars on his head! In various other ways it was sought to suppress the agitation. The Mayor of Boston was called upon to prohibit the paper, but in vain.

In 1833, Garrison visited England, and made the acquaintance of the leaders of the Anti-slavery movement in this country. He gives the following amusing incident in connection with this visit:—"On arriving in London I received a polite invitation by letter from Mr. Buxton, to take breakfast with him. Presenting myself at the appointed time, when my name was announced, instead of coming forward promptly to take me by the hand, he scrutinized me from head to foot, and then inquired somewhat dubiously, 'Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Garrison, of Boston, in the United States?' 'Yes, sir,' I replied, 'I am he; and I am here in accordance with your invitation!' Lifting up his hands he exclaimed, 'Why, my dear sir, I thought you were a black man, and I have consequently invited these gentlemen to be present and welcome Mr. Garrison, the *black* advocate of emancipation, from the United States of America!' 'That,' said Mr. Garrison, 'is the only compliment I have ever had paid me that I care to remember or to tell of,

for Mr. Buxton had, somehow or other, supposed that no white American could plead for those in bondage as I had done, and, therefore, I *must* be black.'"

On his return to his native land, he organized the American Anti-Slavery Society, of which he was president for twenty-two years. In 1835, at one of their meetings in Boston, a mob forced an entrance to the room, and violently dragged him through the streets with a rope round his body, intent upon taking his life. "He was now," says an eye-witness, "in the extremest danger. His hat was lost, his clothes were almost torn from his body, brickbats and stones were hurled at him, as they hustled him along towards the tar-kettle, which was preparing in a neighbouring street. The brutal crowd dragged him onward, when suddenly a voice exclaimed in an authoritative tone, "He shall not be hurt; remember he is an American!" It seems that they had almost overlooked this fact, and several voices cried "No; he shall not be hurt!" and for a moment or two gentler counsels appeared likely to prevail. But only for a moment. He was again pounced upon, his clothes completely torn from his body, and every moment seemed as though the next would decide his fate. He was at length conducted to the Mayor's office, where, by the kindness of several gentlemen, he was re-clothed. The Mayor, so as to save him from further violence, ordered him to be conveyed to prison."

On the walls of his prison cell, Garrison inscribed the following remarkable lines on

THE FREEDOM OF THE MIND.

High walls and huge the body may confine,
And iron gates obstruct the prisoner's gaze;
And massive bolts may baffle his design,
And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways;
Yet scorns the immortal mind this base control.
No chains can bind it and no cell enclose:
Swifter than light it flies from pole to pole,
And in a flash from earth to heaven it goes.
It leaps from mount to mount—from vale to vale
It wanders, plucking honey'd fruits and flowers;
It visits home to hear the fireside tale,
Or in sweet converse pass the joyous hours;
'Tis up before the sun, roaming afar,
And in its watches wearies every star!

Accompanying these lines, he added the following record of the circumstances of his imprisonment:

"William Lloyd Garrison was put into this cell on Monday afternoon, Oct. 21st, 1835, to save him from the violence of a respectable mob, who sought to destroy him for preaching the abominable and dangerous doctrine that all men are created equal, and that oppression is odious in the sight of God."

"The truth that we utter," he wrote, in reviewing this transaction, "is impalpable, yet real; it cannot be thrust down by brute force, nor pierced with a dagger, nor bribed with gold, nor overcome by the application of a coat of tar and feathers:" and many years afterwards, doubtlessly recalling these circumstances, he was able to say that "he always found that a shower of brickbats had a remarkably tonic effect, materially strengthening to the backbone."

Meanwhile curious English tourists, attracted by

the Boston *Liberator*, began to search into and expose the festering wounds of American social life. Amongst others Harriet Martineau travelled from North to South, everywhere denouncing domestic slavery, and Charles Dickens took "American Notes for General Circulation," of the scarred and maimed monuments of American inconsistency with American theories.

In 1840, Garrison again visited Great Britain, and met with a cordial reception. After a brief stay he went back to his own country to renew his pleadings, arguments, and appeals, on behalf of a down-trodden race. He was always sanguine that the victory would come without bloodshed, hoping to win over the slaveholder to voluntary emancipation. In this, however, he was doomed to disappointment, and we can readily conceive that the man of peace who had always deprecated physical violence shuddered at the means which at length formed the pathway from the old condition to the new. Upon the close of the Civil War, he received from his friends a memorial of 30,000 dollars (£6,000), as a thank-offering for his services in the cause of freedom.

He visited England twice since the Emancipation. On the last occasion, at a public breakfast given in his honour in St. James's Hall, he thus eloquently placed on record the charter of American freedom to the slave:—"I have been here three times on anti-slavery missions; and wherever I have travelled, I was always exultingly told, 'Slaves cannot breathe in England!' Now, I am at liberty, and I came over with the purpose to say it: 'Slaves cannot breathe in America'; and so England and America stand

side by side in the cause of negro emancipation, and side by side may they stand in all that is just and noble and good!"

In addition to his literary press labours, Mr. Garrison published in 1843 a volume of "Poems and Sonnets," and in 1853 a volume of "Selections from his Writings and Speeches" appeared. Both, it is needless to say, have had a wide circulation.

Full of years, full of honours, crowned with complete and final victory, he peacefully passed to his rest in New York on the 24th May, 1879.

The *New York Independent* gives some interesting details of the closing hours of this good man. It is stated that he passed away while his five children, standing round his bed, sang the hymns that he loved: "Thus far the Lord has led me on;" "Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve;" "Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings;" "All hail the power of Jesu's Name;" "From all that dwell below the skies." Too weak himself to sing, as long as he was conscious he moved his hands in time with the singing. Very happily the *Independent* adds: "After this," says John Bunyan, "it was noised abroad that Mr. Valiant-for-truth was taken with a summons by the same Post as the other, and had this for a token that the summons was true: 'That the pitcher was broken at the fountain.' When he understood it, he called for his friends and told them of it. Then said he: 'I am going to my Father; and, though with great difficulty I have got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it.

My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought His battles who will now be my Rewarder.' When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the river-side; into which, as he went, he said: 'Death, where is thy sting?' And as he went down deeper, he said: 'Grave, where is thy victory?' So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

The impressive funeral rites in Roxbury, near Boston, were largely attended, and among the eloquent addresses delivered was one by his compatriot Wendell Phillips, who well said:—

"While that eye was open, while that ear could listen, God gave what has been so rarely given to man, the plaudits and prayers of five millions of victims, thanking him for emancipation; and through the clouds of to-day—no matter how dark nor how heavy—his heart, as it ceased to beat, felt certain, that whether one flag or two rule this continent in time to come, one thing is settled—*it never henceforth can be trodden by a slave!*"

Before the mourners separated the following verses, written for the occasion by John G. Whittier, were read:—

The storm and peril overpast,
The hounding hatred shamed and still,
Go, soul of freedom! take at last
The place which thou alone canst fill.

Go up and on! thy day well done,
Its morning promise well fulfilled,
Arise to triumphs yet unwon,
To holier tasks that God has willed.

Go, leave behind thee all that mars
The work below of man for man ;
With the white legions of the stars
Do service such as angels can.

Wherever wrong shall right deny,
Or suffering spirits urge their plea,
Be thine a voice to smite the lie,
A hand to set the captive free !

The Right Hon. John Bright, who was entrusted by the committee of the Cobden Club with the duty of framing a tribute to the memory of the deceased, thus summed up his life and his life's work :—

" His life has been devoted to the service of justice and freedom.

" The black man owes him lasting gratitude, for he mainly created the condition which made negro slavery in the United States of America impossible, and negro freedom certain. .

" The white man owes him thanks for the lesson he has taught him that the persistent labours of humble men in a righteous cause have promise of success.

" A great nation will reckon him among the noblest of her sons, for he led the way to that freedom which by her constitution was intended to be, and which is now, the possession of all her children."

During Mr. Garrison's last visit to England, he took tea with the Executive of the United Kingdom Alliance at their office in Manchester, when a resolution of warm greeting and high appreciation was presented to him. In acknowledging the compliment Mr. Garrison spoke at considerable length, and the following suggestive passage is now of historic significance and interest:—

"I am with you in heart, in understanding, and in principle. I should no more think of making a declaration of my temperance principles here than I should of my abolition principles. I took up the temperance cause in the day of its adversity, in the day of its inception, when all men were against it. I have always blessed God that the very first reformatory movement which I entered into was the temperance movement. Before I understood anything about slavery, forty years ago this very year, I was the editor of the first temperance paper ever started in the world—and I have never swerved from the doctrine which I then laid down, and which I had to espouse under the imputation of being a cold-water fanatic; and was as earnest in that direction as I became in the direction of universal emancipation afterwards. The paper which I edited was not my own. It was sold by the proprietor, and went into other hands, passing from the city of Boston to Andover, and was edited under other auspices. About that time my attention was directed to the subject of slavery, and seeing the condition of the enslaved millions in our country, I gave myself more directly to the liberation of those in bondage. But never for a moment did I lose my interest in the temperance cause—never, never can I, under any circumstances; it is part of my life; it is in my soul; it is in my blood and bones; and I am ready anywhere and everywhere to testify in its behalf, wherever it may be deemed at all proper to do so. The temperance cause, however, in America, after it attained to respectability, was not a heavy cross like abolitionism; it was respectable, and thousands and tens of thousands of temperance men who

made abstinence from liquor the end of the law for righteousness, and who plumed themselves upon being total abstainers, had no bowels of mercy, I am sorry to say, for the millions in bondage. On the contrary, as a general statement, I think that they stood aloof rather than gave us any support; but at the same time, the abolitionists, wherever they were, were temperance men as a matter of course. They really constituted the backbone of the temperance movement, were the most incorruptible, and they needed no teaching whatever on the subject. *It is certainly true that the temperance movement was a prelude to the anti-slavery movement. I have often said that the temperance movement was, under God, essential as a foundation which was being laid, whereon we could stand to address men in their sober senses, and so to appeal to their consciences and to their hearts in the matter of slavery.*"

Later still, in a letter written to Sir Wilfrid Lawson, the slave-abolitionist remarks:—

"The British Parliament is a powerful body, but there is one thing it cannot do; it can neither possess nor acquire the right 'to frame mischief by a law,' or to 'decree unrighteous decrees, to turn aside the needy from judgment, and to take away the right from the poor, that widows may be their prey, and that they may rob the fatherless.' It is largely responsible for the dreadful consequences arising from the broad license it gives for the unlimited sale of intoxicating liquors for drinking purposes; and in that direction its legislation is an all-pervading curse throughout the kingdom. In its persistent refusal to allow the question of license, or no license, to be submitted to the ratepayers, its criminality is greatly enhanced. But

it is amenable to public sentiment, and that shall yet be felt and obeyed. Right onward, Sir Wilfrid.

"Yours admiringly and approvingly,

"WM. LLOYD GARRISON."

His life is a telling instance of what, by God's blessing, may be accomplished by perseverance in a righteous cause, and grandly shows how a brave heart may overcome obstacles and difficulties which to the on-looker appear well nigh insurmountable.

It illustrates also the spirit of the true philanthropist and the true Christian, which ever actuated him under the most trying circumstances. Years after, referring to the persecution he endured, he was able to say, "Even while the Southern slaveholders were seeking my destruction, I never for a moment entertained any other feeling towards them than an earnest desire under God to deliver them from a deadly curse and an awful sin."

Amongst the crowd of names which have adorned the nineteenth century none shine more brightly than that of the noble-hearted philanthropist, William Lloyd Garrison, who devotedly consecrated his long life to the emancipation of the American slaves.

X.

THE REV. NEWMAN HALL, LL.B.,

A Temperance Pioneer.



X.

"Devotion and right Christian zeal."

SHAKSPEARE.

READERS of the marvellous autobiography of the author of "The Sinner's Friend" will remember that it was on the 22nd day of May, 1816, that John Vine Hall voluntarily drew up of his own mind, and wrote with his own hand, a complete grant of power to his medical adviser to make use of whatever means he should deem most expedient to effect his recovery from the habit of intemperance, even to the confinement of his person; they will also recollect that it was upon the same day that Newman, the now well-known and widely esteemed son of John Vine Hall, was born.

After a course of study, first at Totteridge, and subsequently at Highbury College, Mr. Newman Hall graduated B.A. at London University, and entered the Congregationalist Ministry. He signed the pledge in 1840, through the influence of Mrs. Sherman, wife of the Pastor of Surrey Chapel, Mr. Newman Hall's predecessor. Mr. Hall's first charge was Albion Chapel, Hull, of which he was ordained pastor on the 13th July, 1842, where he laboured with much acceptance until 1854, when he received a call to become minister of Surrey Chapel, better known as Rowland Hill's Chapel, Blackfriar's Road, London.

While in Hull Mr. Hall was prominently identified with the Temperance movement, and, although it is over a quarter of a century ago, the Band of Hope meeting was a recognised auxiliary of his Church work.

During those twelve years he very frequently delivered lectures and speeches on the subject of Temperance, throughout Yorkshire, and elsewhere. On being invited to London he stipulated as a condition that he might use both the chapel and schoolroom for the advocacy of Total Abstinence. During the civil war in America Mr. Hall was a warm friend of the North, and upon visiting the United States after the cessation of hostilities, he was everywhere treated with marked respect. At Washington he was invited to open Congress with prayer, and, besides preaching in the House of Representatives, he delivered an address on "International Relations" before the members of both Houses of Congress.

In June 1873, Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., in the absence of Earl Russell, laid the foundation-stone of Mr. Hall's new church on the Westminster Bridge Road. The sacred edifice is called Christ Church, and is a noble Gothic structure of magnificent proportions and elaborate design. The Lincoln Tower adjoining is built as an International Memorial of the emancipation of the slaves, and cost £7,000. One half of the sum was contributed by American citizens, and the remainder was collected by Mr. Hall in England. The memorial-stone of the Lincoln Tower was laid in June 1874, by General Schenck, U.S. Minister. The Tower is two hundred and

twenty feet in height; and two chambers in it, which serve the purposes of class-rooms, are appropriately designated by the names of "Washington" and "Wilberforce." Adjoining Christ Church is a commodious building called Hawkstone Hall, in memory of Rowland Hill, the founder of Surrey Chapel, who was born at Hawkstone, the family seat of Lord Hill. The cost of the land, erections, and fittings was £63,000, nearly the whole of which has been raised by the untiring exertions of Mr. Hall. Christ Church is the centre of a large system of philanthropic and religious operations, including thirteen Sunday-schools, with over 6,000 scholars and 400 teachers. A Band of Hope meeting is held regularly every week, and also a temperance meeting for adults. In such a commanding situation as Christ Church occupies it is not difficult to gather a crowd outside, and in the summer months many Temperance meetings are held within the church railings.

Mr. Newman Hall's precept and practice have always been on the side of total abstinence. His voice and pen have ever been thorough upon the question. In a chapter of "Filial Reminiscences" appended to his father's autobiography, already referred to, he thus earnestly writes: "How came it to pass that, in spite of the grace of God, the study of the Bible, the preaching of the Gospel, the holy Sacraments, the society of Christians, and earnest prayer—how came it to pass that again and again he (his father) fell so grievously, and often seemed so nearly lost? Were all human means used which were appropriate? In my father's case habit had become a second nature. Moreover, the occasional lust for wine had assumed

the diseased form known as *oinomania.* For him entire abstinence was essential as a preventive of excess. There were times when a single glass acted as a spark to gunpowder. The spark might have been withheld ; but, when applied, the explosion was unavoidable. But this thought did not occur to his anxious and distressed friends. Still they placed wine and spirits on their tables, partaking of those beverages in his presence, and encouraging him to join them, only with the advice to be moderate—advice inapplicable to him. At length medical treatment was resorted to and medicine presented. But that medicine failed till abstinence was practised. Had my father abstained altogether from March 14th, 1812, all that conflict, disgrace, agony, and peril had been spared."

Mr. Hall relates that after his father's decease there was found in a private box a bottle containing a little sediment. The bottle had been carefully wrapped up by his father in a newspaper containing a report of the temperance speech narrating his own wonderful history. Commenting upon this incident Mr. Hall eloquently observes :—" Bending over these memorials was it fanatical if my brother A. and myself resolved, by the help of God, more fervently than ever to wage war against those pernicious drinking customs which annually destroy so many thousands of precious souls, and to which our honoured father so nearly fell a victim ? Had he not been rescued, how useful a life, how bright an example would have been lost to the Church—how precious a jewel would have been missing from the Saviour's crown ? And what would his children have become ? "

Mr. Newman Hall has published several works on Temperance, which have had a large circulation; viz., "Stop the Leak;" "Words from the Workshop;" "Cross-Bearing;" and a condensed edition of his father's autobiography entitled, "Conflict and Victory." Mr. Hall is also the author of several devotional works, the best known being "Come to Jesus," of which nearly two million copies have been circulated in the United Kingdom alone. It has also been extensively circulated in America, and translated into thirty languages.

But as we have seen, it is not simply as an author that Mr. Hall has testified for total abstinence. In the pulpit and on the platform, in many parts of the United Kingdom, as also in foreign climes, he has again and again lifted up his voice in eloquent denunciation of the appalling evils of the liquor traffic. Speaking in Exeter Hall, London, a few years ago, at the anniversary of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, the reverend gentleman gave his experience as an abstainer of thirty-five years' standing. He said: "The more he tried it the better he liked it. He found it had been his main help—more useful than all the secondary agencies put together—in connection with the preaching of the Gospel, and as it was naturally his desire as a minister of the Gospel to be as useful as he could, he was most thankful to have this auxiliary of teetotalism. As such an auxiliary he cordially commended it to his ministerial brethren in their endeavours to win sinners to Christ. He had not found during thirty-four years' pastorate any inconvenience or difficulty arising out of teetotalism. He had had

no church quarrels because of it, although he had not had the majority of his church officers or the majority of his church members total abstainers. Nevertheless, he had always advocated the cause, and knew he was more respected for so doing even by those who were not total abstainers. It was a mistake for the teetotal minister to imagine that he had lost caste even with the publicans, for when he (the speaker) was at Hull, he had more keepers of taverns and gin-palaces in his congregation than there were in any other church in the town. Yet every now and then he poured a broadside into his people from the pulpit. He never announced when he intended to preach on this subject, for if he did many would stay away; but he let them have the broadside when they least expected it. And yet he was not always alluding to the subject so as to make it unpleasant, but when he did speak, he spoke right out. He had never found any one offended by what he said, for he had endeavoured to do his duty on this matter kindly, generously, and with a proper consideration for other people's judgment. Let ministers show that they were anxious in this way for the welfare of the people, and let them, by all means, not enforce teetotalism as a matter of church discipline. He could go on for hours narrating the cases of those who had been brought first within the hearing of the Gospel by teetotalism, and then by the power of the Gospel brought to the feet of the Saviour. On the other hand, he had very seldom known drunkards to be saved except through this instrumentality, as a first stepping to the higher good. Teetotalism did not

convert them, but teetotalism brought them within the range of the Gospel ministry,—which Gospel ministry, by the power of the Spirit, saved them."

Among many interesting incidents connected with Mr. Newman Hall's Temperance work the following deserves especial mention:—

"On the occasion of the World's Temperance Convention," writes Mr. Hall, "I met my brother Arthur in the street, gave him a reserved ticket, and begged him to go. He was then in business in the city, and living in the neglect of religion. Respecting me for sincerity he promised to go, intending to amuse himself with his pencil in drawing caricatures of the speakers. But he forgot his purpose in the interest of their addresses. He was specially struck with the physiological argument. He was intending to compete for a swimming prize, and thought if these arguments were sound he should be more likely to succeed. He won the prize easily over competitors who had jeered him for water-drinking! He was not any more religious than before, but he was firm to his pledge. This provoked the anger of some of his old companions, who would not now invite him on Sunday sprees, and to be their companion in evening amusements, where, without the drink, much that was said, sung, and done, created disgust rather than hilarity. He felt himself cast adrift from his old associates. Then on the Sunday he returned to the forsaken house of prayer, and took up again the Bible of his childhood. Then he became a converted Christian: and at once began to work in Bands of Hope and Sunday-schools. Soon after he went to College and entered the

minstry. During upwards of twenty years, in Yorkshire, at Tottenham, and at Tolmers Square Church, London, he has been a most earnest labourer in the Temperance cause."

A collection of Mr. Hall's speeches on the Temperance Question would make an addition to the literature of the movement of permanent value. His irresistible logic, aptitude in drawing comparisons, and fervid eloquence, combine to stamp his addresses with a power not often equalled. There is scarcely a phase of the argument for or against total abstinence, which he has not at some time or other successfully dealt with.

The positive evils resulting from intemperance naturally form the staple of the pleas usually made for total abstinence, but Mr. Hall delights to speak of the positive benefits conferred by the Temperance movement. In it he recognises "an enterprise that has fed the hungry, and clothed the naked, and healed the sick, and taught the ignorant, and elevated the degraded, and gladdened the sorrowful, and led to the cross multitudes that had been wandering far away; an enterprise that has gathered again the fortune that had been scattered, and built again the home that had been ruined, and raised again the character that had been blasted, and bound up again the heart that had been broken; an enterprise that has given peace where there was discord, and gladness where there has been woe, that has broken open many a prison door, and restored to his right mind many a maniac; an enterprise that has prevented many a suicide, and that has robbed the gallows of many a victim that would otherwise have been there:

an enterprise that has thinned the workhouse, and the hospital, and the jail, but that has helped to fill the school, and the lecture-room, and the industrial exhibition; an enterprise that has turned into useful citizens those that were pests of society—one of the best educators of the masses, one of the very chief pioneers of the Gospel; an enterprise which is not Christ, but which is one of the holy angels that go upon His mission. Like some fair spirit from another world, our great enterprise has trodden the wilderness, and flowers of beauty have sprung up upon her track. She has looked around, gladdening all on whom her smiles have fallen, she has touched the captive, and his fetters have fallen off; she has spoken, and the countenance of despair has been lighted up with hope; waved her magic wand, and the wilderness has rejoiced and blossomed as the rose. Like the fabled Orpheus, she has warbled her song of mercy, and wild beasts, losing their ferocity, have followed gladly and gratefully in her train. She has raised up those that have been worse than dead, sepulchred in sin, and she has led multitudes to the living waters of salvation."

It is due to Mr. Hall to say that his labours have always been given voluntarily, without any pecuniary emolument; his addresses in nearly every important town in the kingdom thus form a substantial contribution to the cause which he has so much at heart.

Forty years' untiring and consistent advocacy of a movement, of which the fiftieth anniversary has only recently been celebrated, is a testimony of which any man might be proud. Such is the record which can be claimed for Mr. Newman Hall.

When he entered the field, ministerial supporters were far from numerous, and it required no little courage to step forward as a public advocate of Total Abstinence. While many were content to tolerate, or at the best to condescendingly patronise the pioneer labourers, he heartily resolved to become one of them, and so, standing shoulder to shoulder with the earnest-minded workers who led the movement through its early struggles, he yielded to none in the intensity of his passion to advance the cause to its present magnificent proportions.

Mr. Newman Hall took the degree of LL.B. in 1855, at London University, and gained the Law scholarship. He was unanimously elected Chairman of the Congregational Union in 1866.

XI.

CHARLES WATERTON,

The South American Traveller.

XI.

"Nature is beautiful; where'er we go,
Kind Nature's various wealth is all our own."
WORDSWORTH.

THE pedigree of the Waterton family can be traced back to the Conquest, and the subject of the present sketch never ceased to delight in claiming lineage with the great Sir Thomas More. The eminent naturalist, the Rev J. G. Wood, tells us, "A clock, which had belonged to Sir Thomas More, is still in existence, and occupies a place of honour on the upper landing of the central staircase of Walton Hall (the ancestral home of the Watertons). It is but a little clock, and has a single hand, but it keeps time as well as ever."

Charles Waterton, the "Wandering Naturalist," as he is often called, was born at the family mansion, Walton Hall, near Wakefield, in 1782. He soon manifested a keen interest in the beauties of nature, and never wearied of watching the habits of his "feathered friends."

At the age of ten he was sent to Ushaw School, near Durham, which has recently been appropriately enriched with the valuable and deeply interesting natural history specimens, collected by him throughout his long life. After four years at Ushaw, Waterton entered Stonyhurst College, "where he continued to

study the classics, plunder the birds' nests, catch the college rats, blow the chapel organ, and get into scrapes up to the first year of the present century."

After completing his College terms, he spent one quiet year at home, but he longed to see "fresh fields and pastures new." Eventually his wish was gratified, and he made a trip to Gibraltar, where he was enabled to get a good view of the famous apes, supposed to have established themselves in their present quarters while Europe and Africa formed one continent.

Malaga was next visited, but an epidemic of the plague made him glad enough to beat a retreat. This, however, was no easy thing to do, owing to the stringent regulations which the authorities were compelled to enforce, in order to prevent the contagion spreading. Happily, Waterton secured the friendly offices of the captain of a Swedish barque, and so overcame all obstacles, and once more reached England in safety.

This adventure only served to stimulate his desire for foreign travel. The family owned considerable property in Demerara, and much to his delight, an arrangement was come to, whereby he was sent thither as manager of the estates. Some short time afterwards his father died, and he then, at the age of thirty, felt free to indulge his roving inclinations to his heart's content.

For about twelve years he rambled through the forests of Guiana, and explored its rivers with an ardour which was simply enthusiastic. His characteristic work, "Wanderings in South America," details his experience during the period to which we

refer, with a charming originality and quaint freshness rarely equalled.

Waterton had an inveterate hatred of Latin nomenclature, and as a consequence, exercised his ingenuity in inventing what one of his critics has termed a "barbarous vernacular." "As to this matter," the writer proceeds, "we confess we scarcely see what advantage—for facilities of articulation—the 'kessi-kessi' bird has over the *conurus*, or the 'moko-moko' tree over the *calladium*. Nay, we even dare to avow our preference for *Jacchus* over 'Sakawinki' as the appellative of a certain long-tailed monkey. To be sure, Mr. Waterton might have retorted that the notes of the birds frequently suggested their names, as, for instance, in the case of the 'Whip-poor-Will,' the 'Willy-come-go,' the 'Who-are-you?' etc., a circumstance which led a wit of the period to remark that it was gratifying to find that the wild South American birds *speak English!* It is easy, however, to be too scientific,—at least for the general reader,—a remark which specially applies to the only narrative we have of the travels of Humboldt, who was ascending the mighty stream of the Orinoco about the same time that Waterton was punting in the Demerara river."

After roving for years over deserts and prairies, in pursuit of the science he loved so well, and bringing home with him such a host of trophies of his perseverance and prowess as few living men could rival, Waterton settled down in his ancestral hall at Walton. Here, in a manner almost incomprehensible in matter-of-fact days like the present, he surrounded himself with all species of animals, and found occupa-

tion in arranging and rearranging his wonderful treasures. He prepared a catalogue of his Museum, which he prefaced with the following characteristic note to the reader:—

"Every Quadruped, Insect, Bird, and Reptile has been prepared and mounted by my own hand. I have collected them at intervals, in Guiana, in Brazil, in the West Indies, in the United States of North America, in Italy, and in England, from the year 1812, to the present time, 1855.

"The specimens have all been done upon an entirely novel principle, discovered by myself, so that their original features have been perfectly restored,—the full brilliancy of their plumage retained,—and every part of them secured from the effect of damp, and from the depredation of the moth.

"Reader, you are referred to the 'Essays' and the 'Wanderings,' placed here to assist those who visit this Museum. They contain nothing but the absolute truth, although, on their first appearance before the Public, much disbelief and sarcasm caused me to regret that I had ever sent them to the Press.

"Poor Captain Stedman, who in days long gone by, headed the Maroon war in the wilds of Surinam, met with no better a reception when he gave his Adventures to the world. But later times have done justice to his memory. I take my leave of you, in the lines which that brave and enterprising Scotchman penned for his own gravestone:—

'This Stedman leaves to you,
As you would be done by—do.
The rest—*memento mori*,
So ends poor Stedman's story.'"

Dr. Richard Hobson, of Leeds, for nearly thirty years the trusted companion of the naturalist, gives a graphic description of Walton Hall in its palmy days: "He would never, except in specially necessary instances, permit a gun to be fired within the precincts of his park, which is extensive, its circumferential walls measuring three miles. The ground, within these walls, has an agreeably undulating surface, is well wooded, and is enlivened by a splendid sheet of water. No boat, under any circumstances, was, during the life of Waterton, ever allowed on the lake from September to May, nor were any fishermen permitted to prosecute even their passive vocations for this lengthened period; consequently, all land and water-fowl had a perfectly unmolested and secluded retreat for upwards of six successive months."

Again: "During the life of the late Mr. Waterton, any party, having a card of admission for a special day, always had the park reserved for themselves during that day, which afforded an agreeable privacy, and a greater scope for positive enjoyment. Occasionally, these picnic parties numbered several hundreds, and were accompanied by very excellent bands of music. On such occasions, if Mr. Waterton appeared, even at a distance, during these happy, rural, and festive gaieties, the 'Squire' was always greeted by the bands playing, and the whole multitude joining in chorus, 'The fine Old English Gentleman.'"

Walton Hall was of course constantly visited by strangers. Many would make pilgrimages there simply desiring to gratify idle curiosity, while others were bent upon the exercise of their scientific predilections. Upon one occasion, however, the place was

visited by a party of officers from a neighbouring barracks, who were disposed to "have a lark at the Squire's expense." Waterton received them graciously, but as he described the pictures, of which he had a large collection, he soon discovered that his visitors possessed very little knowledge of art. Moreover, his quick eye caught the whole party actually ridiculing him. At this he naturally became annoyed, but smothering his indignation, he told the visitors that there were some splendid paintings at a house in the neighbourhood, which could not fail to interest them. He added, "The owner is from home, but the pictures are shown by an odd and eccentric old fellow, a man of remarkable ability, who had the most knowledge on these subjects of any man in the county." The bait took, and the officers promptly departed. Waterton's butler was instantly despatched to the gentleman's residence with a disguise suit, which the naturalist had recently prepared for another purpose. The carriage-road was rather distant for the officers, and a short cut across the fields allowed Waterton to anticipate their arrival, and gave him sufficient time to put on his suit. His disguise consisted of a faded red wig—an old green shade over one eye—an eye-glass over the other—a threadbare coat so stuffed as to give to his figure the appearance of a hunchback —drab-coloured smalls with white stockings—and a crutch used to relieve an *apparently* crippled limb. In this anomalous-looking costume, he received the officers at his friend's residence. In describing and descanting upon the exquisite collection of paintings, "the Squire" now and then indulged in what he ironically termed a venial blunder, such as substituting

a modern for an ancient master, and *vice versâ*. He also highly eulogised portions which were obviously defective, without a single objection being made by the military critics.

During the whole of this time, the officers amused themselves by unmercifully and ungratefully abusing "that old Waterton," insisting upon it "that he had not a painting 'worth a rush' in his whole house, and that he was thoroughly and indeed glaringly ignorant of this branch of the fine arts."

When the Squire thought that he had sufficiently gulled the would-be proficients, and reduced them to a self-evident conviction of their ignorance, he quietly dismantled himself of his counterfeit habiliments in their presence, making a respectful bow in his own peculiar way to the censuring critics, with the addition, "your humble servant, Charles Waterton." Their apologies, to their credit, were abject, and the verbal castigation they received from the Squire was as severe as it was merited, inducing those brave warriors to hang out the white flag and humbly sue for mercy. These gentlemen ever afterwards preserved a solemn silence as regarded the Squire, and in all probability never acknowledged his acquaintance.

Waterton's experiments with the Wourali poison are well known. The existence of this poison, known under so many names, has often been doubted; yet facts relative to its extraordinary effects have been attested by Raleigh and Humboldt; and it is used by all the South American savages between the Amazon and the Orinoco. It is formed from a vine called Wourali, a root of a bitter taste; two kinds of bulbous plants containing a green and

glutinous juice; two species of ants, one large and black, the other red; a quantity of Indian pepper, and the pounded fangs of the Labarri and Counacouchi snakes. These ingredients are bruised together, and boiled till they are reduced to a thick syrup of a deep brown colour. The making of this poison is considered a gloomy, mysterious operation, during which the women and children are sent away, lest the evil spirit should harm them. The Indians dip their arrows into the poison, and, however small the wound inflicted, death must ensue; the slightest puncture which admits this terrible juice under the cuticle is sufficient to cause death; it is immediately taken into the blood, paralysing the nerves and organs of the body, yet it is supposed to be harmless if received into the stomach. Waterton tried the effects of the Wourali poison upon a number of birds and animals, and with similar results in each case; no pain seemed to be felt, nor any local discomfort, but an overpowering sleepiness gradually overtakes the victim, and in a few minutes it dies without a groan.

For upwards of fifty years Waterton entertained a firm conviction that hydrophobia was under the remedial influence of the careful and judicious agency of the Wourali poison. He was several times sent for to distant cases, and two or three times actually proceeded to the residence of the patient for the purpose of using the Wourali, but in every instance the cases had succumbed to the fearful malady before his arrival. Upon one occasion on reaching Nottingham, fully prepared to test the efficacy of the Wourali, his patient had just expired, it was therefore arranged

by the "old Squire" and the medical staff at the General Hospital to experiment upon a donkey. The well-known eminent surgeon, Mr. Higginbottom, was one of the hospital surgeons, and so delighted Waterton that they became cordial friends.

"Mr. Higginbottom informed me," writes Dr. Hobson, "that they then poisoned a donkey with the Wourali, producing apparent death, but on making an incision into the windpipe, and causing artificial respiration, the donkey got upon its legs and the Squire mounted and rode it round the room. This donkey was henceforth named Wourali, and lived for many years on the large grass-plot attached to the General Hospital."

Mr. Higginbottom, the surgeon referred to, was a total abstainer, and is remembered with gratitude for the great services which he rendered to the Temperance movement in the days of its early struggles. Accidentally meeting Waterton one day, the surgeon inquired where he had dined. "Dined?" responded the Squire—"nowhere! I take a bun and a glass of cold water when I am hungry!"

Then again, in a letter to Mr. Higginbottom in 1863, Waterton wrote:—"I am now four-score and one year and three months old, and I can stand upon the upper branches of a tree, or upon the top of a high wall without fear of falling. I rise every morning winter and summer at half-past three o'clock. I do not even know the taste of wine, nor of any spirituous liquor, and sixty-seven years have now passed over my head since I drank a glass of beer, and I have passed twenty years off and on in the pestilential swamps of the tropics."

In his writings many similar testimonies to the value of Total Abstinence are to be found. In the account of his second journey to South America, he jots down some instructions to future adventurers, commencing with the advice, "Leave behind you your high-seasoned dishes, your wine, and your delicacies." The enthusiastic traveller at the same time expressed the opinion, that the dangers to be apprehended were not real but imaginary. He says; "The youth who incautiously reels into the lobby of Drury Lane, after leaving the table sacred to the god of wine, is exposed to more certain ruin, sickness, and decay, than he who wanders a whole year in the wilds of Demerara. But this will never be believed, because the disasters arising from dissipation are so common and frequent in civilized life, that man becomes quite habituated to them; and sees daily victims sink into the tomb long before their time, without ever once taking alarm at the causes which precipitated them headlong into it."

In the narrative of his third journey to Demerara, undertaken in 1820, he once more touches the drink question. "I eat moderately and never drink wine, spirits, or fermented liquors in any climate. This abstemiousness has ever proved a faithful friend: it carried me triumphant through the epidemic at Malaga, where death made such havoc about the beginning of the present century; and it has since befriended me in many a fit of sickness, brought on by exposure to the noonday sun, to the dews of night, to the pelting shower, and unwholesome food."

Then again, in his "Autobiography," he gives expression to his opinion as to the value of Total

Abstinence, in the most emphatic terms. He remarks :—"The severe attacks of dysentery, and the former indispositions caused by remaining in unwholesome climates, and by exposure to the weather, seem to have made no inroad into my constitution; for I am a stranger to all sexagenarian disabilities, and can mount to the top of a tree with my wonted steadiness and pleasure. As I am confident that I owe this vigorous state of frame to a total abstinence from all strong liquors, I would fain say a parting word or two to my young reader on this important subject.

"If he is determined to walk through life's chequered path with ease to himself, and with satisfaction to those who take an interest in his welfare, he will have every chance in his favour, provided he makes a firm resolution never to run the risk of losing his reason through an act of intemperance, for the preservation of his reason will always ensure to him the fulfilment of his resolution, and his resolution will seldom fail to crown his efforts with success. The position of an irrational ass, cropping thistles on the village common, is infinitely more enviable than that of a rational man under the influence of excessive drinking. Instinct teaches the first to avoid the place of danger, whilst intemperance drives the last headlong into the midst of it. To me there is no sight in civilized society more horribly disgusting than that of a human being in a state of intoxication.

"I might fill a large volume with the account of miseries and deaths which I could distinctly trace to the pernicious practice of inebriety. I have seen manly strength, and female beauty, and old age itself, in ruins under the fatal pressure of this degrad-

ing vice. The knave thrives on the follies of the drunkard, and whole families may trace the commencement of their decay to the dire allurements of the public-house."

Of the Squire's characteristic generosity many instances are recorded. One morning when he had just received £100 from his publisher as a portion of his profits on the "South American Wanderings," he determined to distribute it to the poor in the immediate neighbourhood. This disinterested proposition was carried into execution the same day, the whole sum being disposed of without any regard to the creed of the recipients,—that they were "poor," being a sufficient plea to Waterton to recognise them as his neighbours and brethren. He died on the 27th May, 1865, universally esteemed, and "in love and charity with all men."

XII.

SIR CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE, BART., M.P.

The *Littérateur* and Statesman.

XII.

" Truth, ever lovely since the world began,
The foe of tyrants and the friend of man."
THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE familiar axiom, "All's fair in love and war," is sometimes modernised by the addition of the brief but significant clause—"and politics." Certain it is, that many of the "men of light and leading," who regulate the choice of the free and independent electors in the several constituencies, put a most expansive interpetation on the "all," which they hold to be allowable in political warfare. Hence it is that the playful phrase, "the humours of a contested election," often covers a round of degrading incidents which might more truthfully be described as "the horrors of a contested election." The abolition of the hustings, the introduction of vote by ballot, and other lesser changes in the mode of conducting elections, introduced during the present generation, are pretty generally recognised as improvements; but, it must be confessed, that an ancient custom, conventionally known as "the pot calling the kettle," still flourishes with as great an intensity as if all our political leaders had been brought up and nurtured in that locality where they speak the plainest English, and sell the best fish in all Christendom.

The bundles of words spoken during the last general

election were indeed scorching firebrands; the *Eatanswill Gazette* was for the time being revived, and very much so too, in town and country; and the vituperative employment by all parties, of the twin sisters, Calumny and Misrepresentation, was about the only vestige of brotherly unity which then lingered in this United Kingdom.

It is therefore no small testimony to the worth of Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke to find that in such an hour, the leading journal of the political party against whom he has been unflinchingly opposed, ever since he stepped into the arena of public life, could write: "Throughout the whole of this crisis he has acted as the loyal spokesman of a political section, and has been aiming not at his individual advancement, but at the promotion of the cause which has found in him a champion of ability and self-sacrificing zeal." The *Standard's* tribute is no less creditable to journalism than well deserved by Sir Charles, and its writer has happily emphasized an hereditary characteristic of the Dilkes, by the vigorous stroke, "a champion of ability and self sacrificing-zeal."

"Self-sacrificing-zeal" inspired the intrepid enthusiasm of Paul and Peter Wentworth what time Good Queen Bess governed this realm. Hallam, the historian, describes these ancestors of Sir Charles Dilke as "the bold, plain-spoken, and honest Wentworths," and adds, "They were the most undaunted assertors of civil liberty in this reign."

In 1575 Sir Peter Wentworth took occasion to address the House in defence of its rights and privileges, and a quotation from his speech upon the occasion will not be without interest.

"I find within a little volume," said he, "these words in effect: 'Sweet is the name of liberty, but the thing itself a value beyond all estimable treasure.' So much the more it behoveth us to take great care lest we, contenting ourselves with the sweetness of the name, lose and forego the thing." Then again we find him saying, "Two things do great hurt in this place. The one is a rumour which runneth about saying, 'Take heed what you do, the Queen liketh not such a matter; whoso preferreth it she will be offended with him.' The other, a message is brought into the House either 'commanding' or 'inhibiting,' very injurious to the freedom of speech and consultation. I would to God these rumours and messages were buried in hell, for wicked they are; the Devil was the first author of them, from whom proceedeth nothing but wickedness. Greatly were these speeches to Her Majesty's dishonour."

Recently the world has been made merry by Sir Joseph Porter's autobiographical reminiscence, which, after all, is only an endorsement of the trite saying, "History repeats itself." Where the popular Admiral chants

> "I grew so rich that I was sent
> By a pocket borough into Parliament:
> I always voted at my party's call,
> And I never thought of thinking for myself at all:
> I thought so little, they rewarded me
> By making me the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!"

he only vindicates a venerable Parliamentary precedent, which even in sturdy Peter Wentworth's day was sufficiently well-established, to cause him to

truculently denounce those weak-minded fellows of the baser sort who "never thought of thinking for themselves at all," but blindly followed their leaders instead of voting, "as the matter giveth cause." Sir Peter's scathing invective was too much for his co-legislators, and he was peremptorily committed to the custody of Mr. Sergeant-at-Arms, until the following day. A Committee of the House then met to "see what he could say in extenuation of his fault." His "apology" was severely modelled after the manner of that Apostle to the Gentiles whose liberty-loving aspirations he so closely emulated, and the record "setteth forth" that he made answer:—

"I heartily repent me that I have hitherto held my peace in these causes, and I do promise you all, if God forsake me not, that I will never during my life hold my tongue if any message is sent in wherein the liberties of Parliament are impeached; and every one of you ought to repent you of these faults and amend them. Twenty times and more when I was preparing this speech, I saw the place whither it would lead me, but my conscience and duty as a faithful subject would not allow me to turn aside from a straight course to avoid a prison. I never confess that to be a fault to love the Queen's Majesty while I live; neither will I be sorry for giving Her Majesty warning to avoid danger while breath is in my body."

Peter was haled off to the Tower of London, for in those days there was no "Big Ben" at St. Stephen's, consequently no Clock Tower, and very much more consequently, no sumptuously-furnished apartment immediately underneath the said Tower; so that

the Parliamentary delinquents of that epoch were unencumbered by those luxurious surroundings which distract meditation, or disturbed by the campanological arrangements which break in upon the reflections of Mr. Sergeant-at-Arms' prisoners now-a-days.

For over a month "the champion of liberty" was kept a prisoner. Then, "Her Majesty was graciously pleased to remit her justly occasioned displeasances," and Sir Peter returned to the House, only, however, to more grievously offend in the following session, and to earn repeated recommittals rather than abate one jot of his "self-sacrificing zeal," or deviate one hair's breadth from the straight path in which, as a champion of free speech, he felt constrained to walk.

One sister of Sir Peter's was married to a brother of that Bradshaw who presided over the High Court of Justice before whom Charles I. was called to stand; and another, Sybil Wentworth, was espoused to Fisher Dilke, from which union Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke is lineally descended. The Dilkes were settled at Kirby Mallory, in Leicestershire, as early as the middle of the sixteenth century, and are thought to have been of Danish origin. Fisher Dilke was an extreme Puritan, and at the Restoration of the monarchy was so overcome, that he is said "to have died of sheer grief, having first dug his own grave."

Sir Charles's more immediate ancestors have also been prominent servants of the public. His grandfather, Charles Wentworth Dilke, was long honourably associated with the *Daily News* and the *Athenæum:* his critical dissertations in the latter were for many years the admiration of the literary world. The

father of the present baronet sat in Parliament as member for Wallingford, and in conjunction with the late Prince Consort did much to create and foster a love of art and science amongst the people. He was one of the promoters of the Exhibition of 1851; and as a recognition of his services, the Queen offered him the honour of Knighthood, while the Royal Commission pressed him to accept a large pecuniary reward, but his "self-sacrificing zeal" induced him to decline both offers. The Exhibition of 1862 also owed much to his administrative ability, and in that year the Queen conferred on the faithful champion of art and science, the honour of a Baronetcy.

The present holder of the title is the second in succession, and was born at Chelsea on September 4th, 1843. His early education was received in the metropolis, and in due course he was transferred to Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he earned a first class in the Law Tripos, 1865, and graduated as senior legalist in January of the following year. While at Cambridge he was known as no inconsiderable athlete, and his capabilities as an oarsman will be understood when we mention that he rowed four years successively in the Trinity Hall first boat, won the Head of the River Medal in 1864, represented his College at Henley in 1863 and 1864, and in 1865 rowed stroke of his college boat, which was then second on the river.

In 1866 he was called to the Bar by the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple, and shortly afterwards made a journey "round the world," of two years' duration.

The particulars of this trip form the text of Sir

Charles's well-known work "Greater Britain: a Record of Travel in English-speaking countries during 1866, 1867," which, in the first year of its publication, ran through four editions. It has also been issued by an American firm, and speedily became an established favourite there. In 1874 he published "The Fate of Prince Florestan of Monaco." The authorship was kept as a secret for some time, and when the journalists crushingly advised the member for Chelsea to seriously take to heart the lessons of the clever little *brochure* which was entertaining the town, they little dreamt that they were advising the teacher to teach himself. Sir Charles succeeded to the proprietorship of the *Athenæum*, and was for some time its responsible editor, besides which he is proprietor of *Notes and Queries*. In 1875 he published a selection from the critical works of his grandfather, with a memoir, entitled, "Papers of a Critic;" and he is now understood to be engaged upon the preparation of a "History of the Nineteenth Century."

Sir Charles Dilke's connection with Parliamentary life dates from 1868, when he was returned at the head of the poll for the newly-created borough of Chelsea. His opponent was the veteran war correspondent, Dr. W. H. Russell. The constituency has been described by Mrs. Beedy in the *Lakside Monthly* as containing "the lion's share of the intellect of England. Here live the men of letters, the greatest lawyers and most successful merchants, the artists who have given fame to the English school of painting, and the flower of London artisans—a constituency important for its numbers, wealth, and intelligence." In 1874 he was

again returned at the head of the poll, a similar honour being likewise paid to him at the General Election of 1880.

Shortly after entering the House of Commons, Sir Charles gave expression to sentiments upon the comparative merits of Monarchical and Republican forms of Government, which were the subject of much angry comment. Having delivered his conscience, he felt free to apply himself to the subject of practical politics, and has had no little share in the settlement of various important questions. The clause which conferred the municipal franchise upon women; the extension of the hours of polling from 4 p.m. to 8 p.m. at Parliamentary elections in the metropolis; the simplification of the process of registration, whereby electors—especially lodgers—have been relieved from many vexations, restrictions, and formalities; the abolition of the barbarous penalty of drawing and quartering, are among the legislative enactments associated with his name.

The matter of popular education has always found in Sir Charles a consistent advocate, and the present constitution of our School Boards is due to his sagacious counsels. Mr. Forster originally intended to entrust the duties of school management to committees of Boards of Guardians, but Sir Charles succeeded in getting his amendment adopted providing for the election of School Boards directly by the ratepayers.

A recent writer says of him that he "is thoroughly conversant with the condition of our Indian Empire, and is better acquainted with the language, literature, people, and government of Russia than any man in the House. He is perhaps the first thoroughly

competent Englishman who has ever seen and described the men, manners, and institutions of the United States as they really are, and not as they are wont to appear to the jaundiced eye of national jealousy and aristocratic aversion. . . . In the study of foreign affairs he has taken nothing for granted."

The formation of the present Ministry caused Sir Charles' name to be mentioned by common consent as that of a man for the Cabinet; but although these prognostications have not been fulfilled, it is pretty well understood that this arises more from a desire to consult the honourable baronet's wishes than otherwise. As Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs he has constant opportunities of dealing in the House of Commons with the largest and weightiest questions of policy, and is therefore called upon to occupy a conspicuous place in the eyes of the public.

Edmund Yates has given in the *World* a picturesque sketch of Sir Charles in his Provençal home. He tells us that, "unlike most men, Sir Charles Dilke has actually realised a dream of his youth in his present dwelling. He selected it as his future home while on a pedestrian tour at the age of seventeen. . . . "The old house," says 'M. Dilke,' "with its thick walls, is simply an ordinary Provençal farmhouse. I have had no time to touch it, and it remains, as it was, an olive-farm. I make both oil and wine, and flatter myself the wine is good, although I never drink any myself, being a wine-growing teetotaler.'"

More recently, Henry Labouchere writing in *Truth* said, "Sir Charles keeps very regular hours, is a strict teetotaler, and divides his time between gardening

and study. His grapes have won medals, and some excellent wine has been made on the estate, though the lord thereof never tastes of the same."

Sir Charles is a supporter of Local Option, and followed Sir Wilfrid Lawson into the Lobby on the 18th of June last. We think we are correct in stating, that when Sir Charles made his journey round the world, he was not an abstainer; but it is apparent from his "Greater Britain," that he was a keen observer of the drinking propensities of the several races among whom he sojourned. Upon visiting the Pitcairn Islanders, he was met by the bright-eyed lads, Adams and Young, descendants of the *Bounty* mutineers. Adams asked, "Have you a *Sunday at Home* or a *British Workman*"? Sir Charles continues, "Our books and papers having been ransacked, Moses Young prepared to leave the ship, taking with him presents from the stores. Besides the cloth, tobacco, hats, and linen, there was a bottle of brandy, given for medicine, as the islanders are strict teetotalers. While Young held the bottle in his hand, afraid to trust the lads with it, Adams read the label, and cried out, 'Brandy? How much for a dose? . . . Oh, yes! all right; I know, it's good for the women!'"

In his description of Virginia city, Sir Charles remarks: "Through every open door the diggers can be seen tossing the whiskey down their throats with a scowl of resolve, as though they were committing suicide, which, indeed, except in the point of speed, is probably the case."

XIII.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.,

The Moral Philosopher.

XIII.

"So should we live, that every hour
May die as dies the natural flower—
A self-reviving thing of power:
That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good, and future meed."

LORD HOUGHTON.

THE prominence which the newspaper press now gives to the Temperance question, not more by ably-written articles than by admirable and comprehensive reports of the speeches of some of the foremost public men, has done much to remove the opinion which prevailed a few years ago, that the practice of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors was confined to a few, possibly well-meaning, but certainly illiterate and obscure individuals. To-day, if a leading ecclesiastic, statesman, or physician, essays to contribute his quota to the solution of the great social problem:—How best to check the growth of intemperance,—it seems to be quite natural that he should preface the exposition of his theory, by the statement that if he is not altogether a personal abstainer, he is at any rate an exceedingly moderate drinker. Notwithstanding the improved state of the public sentiment, it is still pretty generally assumed that the association of total abstinence with high culture

was almost unknown in the past. It is therefore well to remember, that some distinguished authors, whose writings have, by universal consent, been accepted as standards the wide world over, have left it on record that they found it extremely beneficial and helpful to their success in life to personally abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors. Such was Dr. Samuel Johnson, whose remarkable life and opinions have been so graphically detailed by Boswell.

Johnson was born at Lichfield, on the 18th September, 1709. As a child he was exceedingly fond of study, and he displayed at a very early age great mental capabilities. By the benevolence of a friend he was enabled to enter Pembroke College, Oxford, in the nineteenth year of his age. Before three years had elapsed he was compelled to leave the University, owing to his father's inability to supply him with funds, the promises of assistance from other quarters being also unfulfilled. He then found employment as an usher in various provincial schools, and subsequently opened a school on his own account in one of the suburbs of his native city. Meeting with only indifferent success, he determined to try his fortune in London, whither he went with twopence-halfpenny in his pocket, in 1737, in the company of David Garrick, who was passing rich on a purse containing three-halfpence.

Johnson was at this time a rigid abstainer. He says, "I dined very well for eightpence, with very good company, at the Pine Apple, in New Street, just by the Strand. Several of them had travelled. They expected to meet every day; but did not know one another's names. It used to cost the rest a shil-

ling, for they drank wine; but I had a cut of meat for sixpence, and bread for a penny, and gave the waiter a penny; so that I was quite well served, nay, better than the rest, for they gave the waiter nothing."

Penniless, patronless, and not prepossessing, Johnson commenced the career of a literary drudge. By degrees his criticisms and miscellaneous papers found their way into several journals, more particularly the *Gentleman's Magazine.* In 1738 he published his famous satire "London." He had some difficulty in getting a bookseller to take up the work, a circumstance which is thus alluded to by Derrick—

> "Will no kind patron Johnson own?
> Shall Johnson friendless range the town?
> And every publisher refuse
> The offspring of his happy muse?"

"London" was a great success: in a week a second edition was called for, and the critics hailed the author as an unknown poet, "greater even than Pope." In 1744 he published the "Life of Savage," that unfortunate genius, whom Johnson had well known, and with whom he had often strayed about the great city hungry and homeless, during the weary hours of midnight. The affecting biographer caught the popular ear, but its success brought very little improvement in Johnson's own social circumstances.

About this time there appeared a violent attack upon Tea Drinking, from the pen of Mr. Jonas Hanway, who was justly admired in his own day for his many acts of Christian philanthropy and unostentatious benevolence, but who is best remembered in ours, for having been the first to introduce the comforting

custom of carrying an umbrella. Johnson submitted the essay to caustic criticism in the *Literary Magazine,* and greatly excited the ire of Mr. Hanway, who wrote an angry response, whereupon, after some consideration, Johnson published an answer, the only occasion in the whole course of his long life upon which he condescended to print a reply to any attack which was made upon him.

For eight years Johnson was incessantly occupied in the compilation of his "Dictionary of the English Language." In 1749, he started a periodical called the "Rambler," in one of the numbers of which he gives the following expressive estimate of abstinence:—

"Abstinence," he writes, "if nothing more, is at least a cautious retreat from the utmost verge of permission, and confers that security which cannot be reasonably hoped by him that dares always to hover over the precipice of destruction."

His mother died in 1759, and it is said that his fantastically conceived story, "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia," was written with extraordinary rapidity for the purpose of raising funds for her funeral. His last work, the "Lives of the English Poets," was undertaken at the request of a select number of the most respectable London publishers, who asked him to name his own price for the work, and cheerfully agreed to give the fee of two hundred guineas which he required. By this time he had gained many friends, and Boswell's narrative overflows with abundant pictures of the many social meetings where Johnson met with Sir Joshua Reynolds, Bishop Percy, Burke, Goldsmith, Garrick, and other celebrities.

Johnson's conversational powers were extraordi-

nary. His biography is quite a storehouse of opinion upon all the public questions of the time. At these historic table-talks the drinking customs of society were often keenly discussed. On one occasion, the point was, whether drinking improved conversation and benevolence. Sir Joshua Reynolds maintained that it did, whereupon the conversation proceeded :—

JOHNSON—"No, sir, before dinner men meet with great inequality of understanding, and those who are conscious of their inferiority have the modesty not to talk. When they have drunk wine, every man feels himself happy, and loses that modesty, and grows impudent and vociferous; but he is not improved; he is only not sensible of his defects."

SIR JOSHUA—"I am in very good spirits when I get up in the morning, by dinner-time I am exhausted; wine puts me in the same state as when I got up; and I am sure that moderate drinking makes people talk better."

JOHNSON—"No, sir, wine gives not light, gay, ideal hilarity; but tumultuous, noisy, clamorous merriment. I have heard none of those drunken—nay, drunken is a coarse word—none of those *vinous* flights."

SIR JOSHUA—"Because you have sat by, quite sober, and felt an envy of the happiness of those who were drinking."

JOHNSON—"Perhaps contempt. And, sir, it is not necessary to be drunk one's self to relish the wit of drunkenness. Do we not judge of the drunken wit, and of the dialogue between Iago and Cassio, the most excellent in its kind, when we are quite sober? Wit is wit, by whatever means it is produced; and, if good, will appear so at all times. I

admit that the spirits are raised by drinking, as by the common participation of any pleasure; cock-fighting or bear-baiting will raise the spirits of a company, as drinking does, though surely they will not *improve* conversation. I also admit, that there are some sluggish men who are improved by drinking, as there are fruits which are not good till they are rotten. There are such men, but they are medlars. I indeed allow that there have been a very few men of talents who were improved by drinking; but I maintain that I am right as to the effects of drinking in general, and let it be considered, that there is no position, however false in its universality, which is not true of some particular man."

SIR WILLIAM FORBES—"Might not a man warmed with wine be like a bottle of beer, which is made brisker by being set before the fire?"

JOHNSON—"Nay, I cannot answer that; that is too much for me!"

Boswell having observed that wine did some people harm, by inflaming, confusing, and irritating their minds, but that the experience of mankind had declared in favour of moderate drinking,—

Johnson replied, "Sir, I do not say it is wrong to produce self-complacency by drinking; I only deny that it improves the mind. When I drank wine I scorned to drink it when in company. I have drunk many a bottle by myself; in the first place, because I had need of it to raise my spirits; in the second place, because I would have nobody to witness its effects upon me."

It was not only on these set occasions that Johnson

maintained a sturdy stand for total abstinence. Boswell records many instances of the philosopher's quiet conversations with himself upon the question. Upon one occasion they were visiting together in Derbyshire, and the circumstance is thus preserved by the biographer:—"As we drove back to Ashbourne, Dr. Johnson recommended to me, as he had often done, to drink water only, 'For,' said he, 'you are sure not to get drunk: whereas if you drink wine you are never sure.' I said, drinking wine was a pleasure which I was unwilling to give up. 'Why sir,' said he, 'there is no doubt that not to drink wine is a great deduction from life; but it may be necessary.' He, however, owned that, in his opinion a free use of wine did not shorten life; and said he would not give less for the life of a certain Scotch lord (whom he named) celebrated for hard drinking, than for that of a sober man. 'But stay,' said he, with his usual intelligence and accuracy of inquiry, 'does it take much wine to make him drunk?' I answered, 'A great deal either of wine or strong punch.' 'Then,' said he, 'that is the worse.' I presume to illustrate my friend's observation thus—'A fortress which soon surrenders has its walls less shattered, than when a long and obstinate resistance is made.'"

Upon another occasion Johnson said:—"I did not leave off wine because I could not bear it. I have drunk three bottles of port without being the worse for it. University College has witnessed this."

BOSWELL—"Why then, sir, did you leave it off?"

JOHNSON—"Why, sir, because it is much better for a man to be sure that he is never to be intoxi-

cated, never to lose the power over himself. I shall not begin to drink wine till I grow old, and want it."

BOSWELL—"I think, sir, you once said to me, that not to drink wine was a great deduction from life."

JOHNSON—"It is a diminution of pleasure, to be sure, but I do not say a diminution of happiness; there is more happiness in being rational."

BOSWELL—"But if we could have pleasure always should not we be happy? The greatest part of men would compound for pleasure."

JOHNSON—"Supposing we could have pleasure always, an intellectual man would not compound for it; the greatest part of men would compound, because the greatest part of men are gross."

There was a time when, from a variety of reasons, Johnson was persuaded to break away from total abstinence, but we have his own emphatic testimony that he found it much to his advantage to again become an abstainer.

In the seventy-fifth year of his age a complication of painful disorders produced much bodily suffering, but through the trying ordeal his heroic fortitude and strong manliness never forsook him. He asked his physician to tell him plainly whether he could recover, "Give me," said he, "a direct answer." The doctor having first asked him if he could bear the whole truth, which way soever it might lead, and being answered that he could, declared that, in his opinion, he could not recover without a miracle. "Then," said Johnson, "I will take no more physic, not even my opiates; for I have prayed that I may

render up my soul to God unclouded." In this resolution he steadily persevered, and at the same time used only the weakest kinds of sustenance. Being pressed to take somewhat more generous nourishment, lest too low a diet should have the very effect which he dreaded, by debilitating his mind, he said, "I will take anything but inebriating sustenance," and so he gave a good testimony for total abstinence with his dying breath. He died on the 13th December, 1784, and a week later his remains were interred in Westminster Abbey.

Mr Leslie Stephen in his discriminating memoir remarks:—"The names of many greater writers are inscribed upon the walls of Westminster Abbey; but scarcely any one lies there whose heart was more acutely responsive during life to the deepest and tenderest of human emotions. In visiting that strange gathering of departed heroes and statesmen and philanthropists and poets, there are many whose words and deeds have a far greater influence upon our imaginations; but there are very few whom, when all has been said, we can love so heartily as Samuel Johnson."

There is one saying of Johnson's in connection with drinking, which is more frequently quoted than any other; namely, his remark that claret "is the liquor for boys, and port for men, but he who aspires to be a hero must drink brandy." Those who quote this anti-abstinence statement, would do well to remember, that its author was, during the latter part of his life, say, for nearly eighteen years, a strict total-abstainer; and even his earliest intimate friend, Hector, said that he had never but once seen him drunk.

Johnson received the M.A. degree from the University of Oxford, in 1755, and the degree of LL.D. from Trinity College, Dublin, in 1765. Ten years later the University of Oxford also granted him the diploma of LL.D.

XIV.

ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM KING-HALL, K.C.B.,

A Naval Champion.

XIV

"On stormy waves careering,
Each sea-mate sea-mate cheering,
With dauntless helmsman steering,
Our forthward course we hold."

JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE stirring refrain of Thomson's noble song exhorts us to be confident of the abiding freedom of Britons, *because* Britannia rules the Waves, and there can be no question the poet of "Indolence" was very much awake to the national instinct, when he thus associated the glory of freedom with the boundless, unfettered sea.

"Britons never shall be slaves," in the sense of being as so much "goods and chattels" of their fellow-men, but there is slavery *and* slavery. "Slavery is that which cramps powers. The worst slavery is that which cramps the noblest powers," said Robertson of Brighton. Viewed from this standpoint, Britons have long been the willing victims of "the worst slavery," for assuredly the vice of Intemperance has cramped all that was brightest, bravest, and best in thousands of fair Albion's sons and daughters.

For the abolition of this British slavery many true patriots are now contending, and among the various encouraging aspects of the struggle may be named

the fact, that to-day the evil is being attacked from all quarters. Men are learning more than ever, the importance of influencing those amongst whom their ordinary duties have placed them. Sir William King-Hall is a worthy example of such useful service.

Admiral Sir William King-Hall, K.C.B., is a son of the late Dr. Hall (who was a surgeon in the Royal Navy), and was born in London in 1816. When only thirteen years of age he joined the *Rapid* gun brig, under Commander Swinburne, as a volunteer of the second class, and served in the Mediterranean. Four years later, on the *Rapid* being ordered home, he joined the *Barham* as master's assistant. He was paid off on the 6th May, 1834, and was then appointed master's assistant to the *Childers*, under Commander the Hon. Henry Keppel.

An incident which then occurred illustrates the independence of the young sailor's character. Whilst the *Childers* was fitting out, Mr. Hall discovered in the regulations then existing, a clause which enabled him to retire from the master line, and he thereupon wrote direct to their lordships of the Admiralty, desiring to avail himself of the privilege mentioned. His application was acknowledged by a reprimand, through the Commander-in-Chief, for presuming to write without his Captain's approval. This was an obstacle readily overcome, and Mr. Hall repeated his request in due routine order, and was authorised to fill a midshipman's vacancy until any captain should apply for him.

Happily he had not to wait many months, for in November 1834, he joined the *Talavera*, as midshipman, under Captain Chetham, C.B., which ship left

the Mediterranean, and was paid off in February 1835. He next joined the *Viper*, on the Lisbon station, and was then sent to the north coast of Spain, being one of the force under the command of Commodore Lord John Hay, in the operations against the Carlists. Mr. Hall saw much active service here, and took part in the passage of the River Uramea.

Mr. Hall had not seen his father for seven and a half years, so when the *Viper* returned to England in 1837, and he had passed his examination for Lieutenant at Portsmouth, he also paid a visit to his home at Cranbrook. He remained there for one night, and caught the *North Star* under weigh at Spithead, getting through the bow port, the gun being out in consequence of the signal for sea having been fired. He next joined the *Salamander* as mate, under Commander S. C. Dacres, with whom he served until June 1839, when he became attached to the *Benbow*, under Captain Houston Stewart.

Mr. Hall was present at the memorable siege of Acre, and commanded the launch on many important occasions during the Syrian War,—such as the attack on Tortosa, when five men were killed, and six wounded in the boat. For these services he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant on July 28th, 1841, and after being a short time supernumerary in the *Vanguard*, joined the *Indus*. His next appointment was to the brig *Waterwitch* as first lieutenant, and after the conclusion of the brig experimental squadron, he joined the flag-ship *Vindictive* on the North American Station in June 1845. On the 28th December, 1847, he was appointed acting Commander of the ship *Growler*.

The *Growler* had been employed under the Emigration Commissioners, and when she arrived at Bermuda from the West Coast of Africa, the officers and nearly all the crew were suffering severely from yellow fever, three men having died on the voyage. The vessel was placed in quarantine for forty-two days, and Lieutenant Hall whilst clearing her out was severely attacked, and nearly succumbed to the dread disease.

Upon the return to England, the ship was reported ready to at once proceed with troops to Ireland, where the Smith O'Brien troubles were occasioning considerable anxiety. Hall was paid off on March 22nd, 1848, and received promotion at the hands of the Admiralty Board. A year later, he was selected for the appointment of Inspecting Commander at Scilly, a place where many abuses existed, as it had been unvisited by any Controller-General for the long period of twenty-eight years. Hall was instrumental in suppressing the smuggling which there so largely obtained, and received the thanks of the Controller-General, Captain Ellice, for these services.

In May 1851, the *Seringapatam*, with a valuable cargo, was run on shore on the west side of Portland Bill. Strong westerly winds prevailed at the time, but Hall succeeded in getting the vessel off. This action was publicly recognised by Lloyds, who sent him their thanks for "very meritorious and disinterested conduct, and for having, through very energetic measures, saved the *Seringapatam* from becoming a total wreck."

Upon the outbreak of the Kaffir War he was selected for the command of the *Styx*. Upon one or two

occasions he was nearly wrecked, from the necessity of pushing forward during the rebellion. When the hostilities ceased, Commander Hall received the thanks of Sir Harry Smith, Sir G. Cathcart, Governors, and the Colonial Government, and Cape Colonists for his services.

He next proceeded to Burmah, joining Sir F. Pellew at Rangoon, whom he accompanied to China. He was there engaged in the destruction of pirates with the squadron, and having received a Board promotion to the rank of captain, returned overland in October 1853.

In the following January, Captain Hall commissioned the *Bulldog*, and set sail for the Baltic. He was left in the Belt to tow the sailing ships and French fleet through, and was selected by Sir Charles Napier to carry his flag in the operations against Bomarsund. His characteristic intrepidity was at this time displayed in a noteworthy manner.

The circumstance is thus narrated by the interpreter to the British Admiral :—

"At half-past twelve on the 16th August, a white flag was observed hanging out of one of the casemates in the Fort of Bomarsund, and Sir Charles immediately ordered Captain Hall of the *Bulldog* and myself to proceed in and ascertain its object.

"We hoisted a white flag in the boat and pulled in, landing about three or four yards from the Fort, and walked up to a prominent rock in the neighbourhood, when we held up the flag to view, expecting naturally that some party from the Fort would be commissioned to meet us half-way. None, however, came, and as by some accident a shell burst in our

vicinity, we thought it advisable to retire to the boat. Here we met a French officer carrying the French tricolour; Captain Hall then joined him and took the English ensign, I carried the Flag of Truce. When we came to the gates some Finland officers spoke to us through the loopholes, and informed us we should have to be detained a short time, until the sand-bags had been cleared away from the gates. Here a couple of French officers joined us, one a colonel, I think.

"We walked in, and found the yard filled with armed soldiery in full marching order. Sentries were stationed all along the passages and corridors we passed through in being shown to the General's apartment.

"General Bodiscoe received us in full uniform. The General stated that having done his best to defend the Fort, he, at the solicitation of all the troops under his command, had come to the resolution to sue for terms. Captain Hall gave him to understand that he represented Sir Charles Napier on this occasion, and consequently the British Government, but that no terms could be listened to for a moment, except '*an unconditional surrender.*'

"The French naval officer said he represented the Admiral S. Panceval, but that his orders were merely to ascertain what the flag meant, and consequently could make no arrangement ere he had spoken with the Admiral. The French Colonel spoke much in the same way, and said it would depend on General Baraguay D'Hilliers how far any sort of terms could be accepted, and positively insisted on proceeding to the General's quarters to ascertain his wishes.

"Captain Hall, who saw at once how very impolitic it would be to admit of any delay, refused to listen

to any postponement, and affirmed that in the name of Sir Charles Napier, as the Naval Commander-in-Chief, he would, on his own responsibility, accept of their surrender *unconditionally*, and after a good deal of argument on the part of the French officers, and plain reasoning on Captain Hall's, he carried his point, and I was requested to make the Russian officers acquainted with the result, with which they all expressed themselves satisfied.

"It was then resolved that the troops should at once lay down their arms in the courtyard, and the French troops walk in and take possession, which was accordingly done.

"The French and English ensigns were also placed on the walls in sign of surrender.

"HENRY WOODFALL CROWE,

"*H.M.S. Bulldog, 17th August*, 1854."

The Russian officers strongly counselled Captain Hall not to show the English flag on the ramparts, as the troops were excited, and might shoot him; but he bravely rejected their advice, and himself showed the British Flag from the parapet to the ships.

In February 1855, he was selected by Sir M. Seymour as flag-captain in the *Exmouth*, and was engaged in the operations at Sveaborg. Sir R. Dundas mentioned his services in the despatches.

In March 1856, Captain Hall commissioned the *Calcutta* as Sir N. Seymour's flag-ship, and was in all the operations up to the capture of the Peiho Forts and Treaty of Tientsin. At the close of the campaign he received the thanks of the Colonial Government and others.

His subsequent appointments were to the *Indus* in 1859, *Royal Adelaide* in 1861, Coastguard ship *Russell* in April 1863, and to the Steam Reserve at Sheerness until 1865.

In 1869 he was created a Rear Admiral, and appointed Superintendent of Sheerness Dockyard. Upon relinquishing this office the artificers presented the gallant officer with a magnificent copy of "Kitto's Illustrated Bible," containing an inscription expressing their admiration of the consistent example which he had ever been to them; and the inhabitants of the town also presented him with an illuminated address.

In November 1871, he took charge of H.M. Dockyard at Devonport as Admiral Superintendent, and remained there until August 1875. As at Sheerness, the Devonport employés found in Admiral Hall a true friend, and a few days before he parted from them, a deputation waited upon him at his official residence, to present an address handsomely illuminated on vellum.

In the address, the men acknowledge their appreciation of the Admiral Superintendent's "just and impartial administration; his continued self-sacrifice and unfailing charity, shown especially by his frequent visits to the hurt in hospital; his affectionate sympathy with the poor; his untiring exertions in behalf of the young; as well as of the excellent examples of duty shown to all employed under him." Such a tribute might well be envied by any one, and the gallant recipient gratefully acknowledged it às "the honest expression of a loyal and skilful body of artisans."

The Admiral's reply excited much interest at the time, for he has ever shown himself to be a man

who has the courage of his convictions, and upon the occasion in question he stood up for the working-man by emphatically stating, "I can testify that the wages are fairly and honestly earned, in spite of those who in the House of Commons and Press would put out everything to contract, and starve the national establishments, even to the risk of the independence of the country." And he adds: "Some would even, I believe, offer the honour of our nation to be contracted for at the lowest tender, and this must continue whilst out of six hundred and fifty-eight members of the House of Commons only thirty or forty can be induced to take any interest in the Navy and Dockyards." We have still another characteristic quotation to give from the Admiral's reply: "I would remark," he writes, "that although Dockyard instructions and factory regulations are very good, I find the *epitome* contained in the good old Book, 2 Sam. xxiii. 3: 'The God of Israel said, the Rock of Israel spake to me, He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God.' That His Book may be a Guide to us all, is the sincere desire of your well-wisher, W. King-Hall."

In September 1877, he was gazetted a Vice-Admiral, and was appointed Commander-in-Chief at the Nore, hoisting his flag on H.M.S *Duncan*. He became a full Admiral in August 1879, which terminated his active service, after working for half a century in the service of the country.

The Admiral's connection with the Temperance movement may be best given in his own words. In addressing a meeting at Wood Green a few years ago, he said:—

"When in command of H.M.S. *Russell* at Falmouth, there was a great deal of drunkenness in the ship, and in consequence, a great deal of crime and punishment. This arose from the numerous temptations which abound in that port, Falmouth being a port of call where ships touch for orders; and on one occasion I counted as many as four hundred sail at anchor at one time. The place abounded in public-houses and beer-shops, and the inducements to temptation caused much leave-breaking. At the commencement of my second year in command, the day after New Year's day, I turned the hands up, and with the defaulters' book in my hand read the punishments of the past year, including many committals to Bodmin Gaol, cells, etc., etc. More than two-thirds arose from drink. This surprised the men very much. I then said: 'I know nothing about Temperance, but you see all this disgrace, and punishment, and misery to some of your families is due to drink. If we give up the drink this cannot happen. If you consent to give up your allowance of grog, and avoid all public-houses and beer-shops, and drink nothing but water for the next three months, and sign your names and bring the list up to me, I will agree to give up my wine, and head the list with you. Take forty-eight hours to consider it, but when you've made up your minds, stick to it.' In a few hours forty-six of those men who had been most often under punishment signed the list, and we started our teetotal party. The publicans were surprised when the men landed to see some of their best customers pass by their doors, and much to my delight I was a witness of it. At the end of three months I again

turned the hands up on the quarter-deck, and said, 'I have kept my pledge; now how many of you have broken yours? You all know each other well, so there can be no deception about it.' To my great satisfaction they said one and all that none had broken it, and thirty more men came across, saying, 'I'll join your party, too.' I may also state that to my certain knowledge some have kept it up to this day, though it is now about twelve or thirteen years ago. I heard from one some years ago, whilst a severe epidemic of yellow fever was raging in Jamaica, stating he was firm in his principles of total abstinence, and had been the means of making many others join.

"I shortly afterwards removed to Sheerness Dockyard as Superintendent, and there, as is frequently the case, many of the best workmen were inclined to drink. And on my leaving, great was my gratification to hear, according to their statement as contained in an address, accompanied by a present of 'Kitto's Bible,' that my influence and example had been the means, by God's blessing, of assisting many to give up drink, and produce happiness in their families. Soon after I became Admiral Superintendent at Devonport Dockyard, assisting by example and precept many who required help to break their drinking habits; and as every one exercises an influence either for good or evil, I feel it a great privilege to have been directed to take up this cause for the benefit of many poor fellows whose greatest enemy is drink. If only the poor drunkards took the pledge they would become marked men; but by those who can withstand temptation standing in the same ranks with them, confidence and comfort are given them.

I enter into no arguments about the miracle our Saviour performed at Cana of Galilee, or St. Paul's advice to Timothy, or any of the hackneyed arguments about the use and abuse of the 'good things of God.' I see and feel that there is a vast amount of crime, ruin, and punishment, misery in families, wife-beating, and desertion of children arising *from drink*, and on the other hand a great amount of happiness, health, and contentment for those who abstain; and if I in my humble endeavours can assist in reducing the former and adding to the latter, I feel it to be a privilege, an honour, and a duty to do it, and believe that God will approve and bless all those who for His sake work in this cause. Before leaving Devonport we established a Band of Hope among the sons of the artificers of the establishment, which numbers now over 300, and in quitting my command, I had the pleasure of knowing that my efforts in the cause of Temperance had not been in vain.

"Many officers have, like myself, for the sake of the men under their command, adopted the principles of total abstinence, and among them I would mention my shipmate and friend, the late gallant officer and Christian man, Commodore Goodenough."

XV.

HUBERT HERKOMER, A.R.A.,

The Celebrated Artist.

XV.

"Still further, loftier let your soarings be."
MRS. HEMANS.

WHAT can an artist do to promote Temperance? was nobly answered by George Cruikshank; and, when he passed away, George Augustus Sala, in the eloquent plea which is acknowledged to have gained the artist a place in St. Paul's Cathedral gave due prominence to his Temperance work.

"The Archbishop of Canterbury and a host of ecclesiastical dignitaries are doing their best to further the Temperance movement, and when was there ever a doughtier or more persistent combatant in the service of Temperance than George Cruikshank?" asked Mr. Sala. "For at least fifty years of his indefatigable life did he wage fierce war against strong drink. Long before he became a total abstainer he laid bare in a hundred pictured morals the appalling evils of intemperance. That he was a fanatic on the subject is not to be denied. He frankly admitted the impeachment himself; but he would say, 'Is there much harm in the fanaticism of trying to stop murder?' And there can scarcely be a judge on the bench who will not own that drink has been the direct cause of at least three-fourths of the crimes for which wretches are doomed to die.

George Cruikshank tried to stop murder and madness and pauperism, just as he had tried to stop the barbarous cruelty of inflicting the punishment of death for the crime of forgery. The publication of his famous etching of the One Pound Note, with its embellishment of miserable creatures dangling from the Old Bailey gallows, was almost immediately followed by the abrogation of the death penalty for forgery. Some of these days, perchance, the Temperance movement may triumph; and then the memory of the man, whose ashes we hope to see interred in St. Paul's, will be honoured with the same applause as that bestowed on another and as faithful a labourer in the same field, Father Mathew."

What can an artist do to promote Temperance? has been grandly answered by the editor of the *British Workman*, for nearly a quarter of a century. The pictorial pleas which have appeared at frequent intervals in the periodical named, deserve to be ranked among the mightiest helps which Temperance has ever received. But although the movement has been endowed with many sympathetic pictures, it must be owned, that so far, the artists have, as a rule, painted rather than practised. The writer's endeavours to trace abstainers among distinguished artists, have not so far proved very successful. An inquiry addressed to Mr. E. Van Baerle, of the *Magazine of Art*, elicited the following humorous and entertaining communication from one of that gentleman's artistic friends:—

"I have been making considerable research into artistic biography with the view of getting the information you wished, but cannot find from the time of

the Greek painter Apelles, any well authenticated instance of an artist, with the solitary exception of old George Cruikshank, being *strictly a teetotaler!* Of Apollodorus, the Athenian, who flourished 408 B.C., I can glean little, and then to jump over a great many centuries to Cimabue in the fourteenth century, Taddeo Gaddi, a little later, and a host of others of succeeding generations, there is no reliable record of their being true advocates of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's theory. Taddeo Gaddi must, I fancy, have been an *Irishman*,—thus 'Taddy O'Gaddi,'—and if he was, you may depend he was addicted to a drop of the '*crater*.' Even Fra Angelico I have serious doubts about, as many of these old monks we know were anything but the decent and decorous persons they ought to have been. Then again, as to Fra Bartolourmeo, I feel considerable doubt also, but fancy we should be nearly safe in considering Savonarola, the monk, painter, and martyr, never gave way to wine bibbing. Later on, whilst I am inclined to have faith in the grand old lion-hearted fellow Michael Angelo, Raphael was scarcely a *good boy*, and Benvenuto Cellini a *very naughty one!* The latter jollificating gentleman it was, you know, who, when the bronze ran short for the figure of 'Perseus' he was casting, got an order from the reigning Duke authorising him (Benvenuto) to seize all the copper-pans and saucepans in the city, to melt up for his figure, and this he did. Only fancy the uproar there must have been in the city! Another skip from the time of Cellini, and we are in the present generation of artists, of whom, although I have a large and extended knowledge, I am not acquainted with one who will not on certain occasions

take his glass of wine, and even enjoy it! I don't think artists, as a class, are at all what I should call '*topers*,' but they are generous-living men, fond of society, and the necessary accompaniment, eating and drinking, only *in moderation*."

Now that the eminent surgeon, Sir Henry Thompson (himself an artist of acknowledged excellence), has entered a vigorous protest against the taking of intoxicating liquors, "even in the sense conversationally termed moderate," we may hope that ere long total abstaining artists will not be so rare as they appear to be at present. Meanwhile the Temperance movement may congratulate itself upon the possession of Hubert Herkomer, an artist who, at an early age, has secured a thoroughly distinguished place in the profession which he so greatly adorns.

Hubert Herkomer was born in Waal, Bavaria, in 1849. His father, a wood-carver of considerable ability, removed in 1851 to the United States, where he remained for six years. Once more the family sought a new home, and England was chosen as a place of abode. Hubert, the future artist, was a delicate child, and as a consequence, had not seen much of school prior to coming to this country. An early love of art was happily encouraged by his parents, and at thirteen he was entered a student in the Art School, Southampton, where he gained a medal in his first year of study.

At sixteen he was permitted to enjoy an experience of Bavarian life, owing to his father's having received a commission for wood-carving in the city of Munich. Then followed a few months' study in South Kensington, brought to a close all too soon in order that

he might return home to Southampton. The pleasant break in his life had, however, only served to stimulate his artistic proclivities; and with all the ardour of an enthusiast, he did his utmost to further the interests of Art in his adopted town. He rendered great assistance in the promotion of a "life-school," and was the moving spirit in the organisation of an exhibition of the works of local artists. It was cheering to the young aspirant to find a purchaser for one of his pictures; but even with all this, it is doubtful whether his friends anticipated that his genius was destined to command the universal recognition which it has subsequently received.

In 1867 his studies at South Kensington were again resumed, but only for a few months, and the artist, battling with difficulties, but still hopeful, settled for a while in the village of Hythe. At twenty he commenced a London career in thorough earnestness, and from that time the record of his life is one continuous story of success.

In the spring of 1870 a water-colour, entitled "Hoeing," secured the place of honour at the Dudley Gallery —a distinction not often accorded to an unknown artist. About this time Mr. Herkomer was invited to join the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours. He did so, and contributed to its galleries a series of drawings which attracted considerable attention.

Meanwhile Mr. Herkomer joined the staff of the *Graphic*, enriching its pages with several characteristic sketches. In 1870 he painted in Normandy a scene of the Franco-German War, "Reading War News," and three years later had the gratification of making his first appearance at the Royal Academy. Mr. Wil-

[illegible]

tion of his subject has been neither facile nor unreal, but nobly simple and true. As is almost invariably the case with work of really fine quality when it has a readily intelligible motive and intention, 'The Last Muster' took the popular heart, Mr. Herkomer being one of the happy few who have touched the public emotion by obeying and not by violating the highest laws of their own art. Three years later the seal of an international verdict was set on this picture at Paris, where the jury, most truly representative of the modern taste of many races, awarded it the highest honour in their gift."

In 1876 Mr. Herkomer's Academy picture was entitled "At Death's Door." The scene is in Bavaria. In a humble dwelling on the bleak mountain-side a peasant is passing away. The faithful priest has brought the sacred elements from the village church, and the tapers of the little procession are seen burning through the windows. On the stones of the mountain-path kneel a group of men and women, also with lights in their hands—the whole forming a powerful representation of pathetic interest, which at once touches the heart of the spectator.

In the following year the religious customs of the Bavarian highlands again furnished a subject for the artist's faithful delineation. "Der Bittgang," the "Prayer Walk" of peasants through the fields in supplication for a blessing on their harvest, is a work full of suggestive character. Ruskin's oft-quoted rule: "The painter must love the peasant more than his picture, but the picture must be something better than the peasant," has, says Mr. Meynell, been adopted by Herkomer. "He paints his subject with a sym-

pathy which can only come of intimate knowledge. For though English in his studies and by choice, he seems also to be a Bavarian, and a Bavarian of the mountains, at heart."

To quote the same authority once more:—

"Herkomer has apparently so little sympathy with any but the austerer phases of life and character that he hardly ever deals with the youth and beauty and affluence of this world. Two things are to him superlatively attractive—old age and poverty; and these he treats, not with sentimental softness, not with an over-insistence upon that pathos of labour of which we have had so much in recent art; he does not seek to make the decay of life pretty by investing it with what we may call a kind of vulgar poetry; but on the other hand nothing which he touches is prosaic. No one who rates at its true value the facile picture of peasant life with which we are all familiar can fail to understand what we mean by vulgar poetry; and no one who knows the Dutch school of Jan Steen and the English school of George Cruikshank is ignorant of the most prosaic of all prose in the art which deals with 'low life.' Mr. Herkomer has taken the line of truth, sincerer than that of the sentimentalist, and nobler than that of the 'humorist.'"

This judicious estimate of the artist's individuality was singularly endorsed by his Academy picture of 1878. In "Eventide," Mr. Herkomer seized upon an almost repulsive phase of life in a London workhouse, but under his masterly touch there was developed one of the greatest successes which the artist had yet achieved. A number of poor old women, who in their declining years have been constrained to

avail themselves of that last resource of the struggling poor, the shelter of the Union, are represented as variously occupied, the long apartment made bright with sundry pictorial adornments, while in the foreground the living interest is fully sustained. The meditative pose of the old dame with open book resting in her lap, the serene contentment of the poor body who is sipping a cup of tea, to say nothing of the intensely serious expression, which tells that the effort of needle-threading is not so easy to some of the old people as it was say fifty years ago, are conceptions which can scarcely fail to call forth the deepest feelings of the spectator. The picture was purchased by the Corporation of Liverpool, and now adorns the Walker Art Gallery in that city.

To the Grosvenor Gallery Mr. Herkomer is a frequent contributor, and among his works there exhibited were "Life, Light, and Melody," a Bavarian village scene; a portrait of Richard Wagner, the compatriot and friend of the artist, who is himself an accomplished musical amateur; a portrait of Alfred Tennyson; "A Descendant of the Romans;" a portrait of Mr. Ruskin, which ranks among the noblest of his works, and many more.

Mr. Herkomer has studied the art of etching, and several specimens of his work were displayed at the last International Exhibition in Paris.

He was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in the spring of 1879, and is also a member of the Vienna Imperial Academy of Art, of the Brussels Institute of Water-Colours, of the Liverpool Institute of Water-Colours, and of the Royal Society of Water-Colour Painters at the Hague.

Mr. Herkomer's testimony on the Temperance question is brief and emphatic. In a note received from him by the writer a few months ago the artist remarks :—

"It is no credit to me for being an abstainer. The credit is due to my father, who gave up smoking, drinking intoxicating drinks, and eating meat at the same time, about twenty years ago; and as I was only ten years old then, I naturally grew into my father's habits (I now eat meat, however). The blessings of that reform have come down upon my children."

More recently still Mr. Herkomer visited Leicester, to deliver the prizes to the Art students there, and in his address upon the occasion gave the following wholesome counsel:—

"Let the student remember that Art cannot be exercised without health. It is not a light, easy occupation for a delicate child, as so many foolish parents think. To produce a work of Art we must gather all our mental and physical strength. Have this well in view when you start your career as students. The healthful issue of all Art depends on the healthful condition of the painter's body and mind. I beg of you, as students, to take this to heart; see that you build up sound constitutions in your young years, and *strictly avoid all habits that are likely to impair your health in the long run.* Dr. Johnson said, that 'nothing will supply the want of prudence,' and 'that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.' Guard yourselves, for the competition in Art is keen."

XVI.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER,

The Hero of Scinde.

XVI.

"Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death."

DR. JOHN DONNE.

"YOU cannot be a good soldier and drink intoxicating liquor," was the emphatic opinion expressed by the heroic Sir Henry Havelock, when a soldier was brought before him charged with drunkenness. Such also may be said to have been the testimony of his great comrade-in-arms, the gallant Sir Charles James Napier. Both of these brave warriors were men under authority, having soldiers under them; both, in this matter of temperance, acted upon the wholesome principle of carrying out in their own lives the golden rule of "total abstinence from intoxicating liquors," which they so earnestly recommended to the adoption of their subordinates—and it may with unaffected sincerity be affirmed, that both had taken to heart the Apostolic injunction, "Thou, therefore, my son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus. Thou, therefore, endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." Some interesting parallels might be drawn between the lives of these two Illustrious Abstainers, but the space at our disposal renders it necessary to

confine the sketch to a brief narrative of Napier's remarkable career.

Charles James Napier was born in 1782, and was one of the numerous sons of the Hon. George Napier, "comptroller of accounts in Ireland," a descendant of the inventor of the logarithms, and of Sir William Scott, of Thirlstain, a scholar and poet whose works are now almost forgotten. His mother was Lady Sarah Lennox, a great grand-daughter of Charles II., and a woman of many accomplishments. The deep attachment of Charles Napier to his mother was conspicuous throughout his life, and wherever he went, and whatever his duties, his heart ever fondly beat true to home.

The late Lord Hatherley, shortly before his death, publicly referred, in terms of satisfaction, to the unbroken correspondence with home, which his relative, Sir Evelyn Wood, maintained throughout the perils and anxieties of the Zulu campaign, and of Sir Charles James Napier it has been said, "No finer exhibition of filial love and respect can be presented than the letters written home to his mother, from the midst of war and bloodshed."

As a child, Napier was of a quiet and thoughtful demeanour, his health, too, being far from robust, but even thus early he manifested an ardent enthusiasm for a military life. Some of the anecdotes relating to his boyhood are not a little singular. For example, we are told, that "when only ten years of age, he rejoiced to find that he was short-sighted, because a portrait which hung up in his father's room had strange eyes, and he had heard Plutarch's statement mentioned, that Philip, Sertorius, and Hannibal

had each only one eye, and that Alexander's eyes were of different colours. The young aspirant for military fame even wished to lose one of his own eyes, as the token of a great general; a species of philosophy which recalls to mind the promising youth depicted by Swift, who had all the *defects* characterizing the great heroes of antiquity."

Then, again, his self-control was something wonderful. Fear and pain were alike unable to conquer his strong will, and although his love of adventure frequently resulted in accidents, calmness and fortitude never forsook him, even under the most trying circumstances. When quite a boy, he struck his leg in leaping against a bank of stones, so as to inflict a frightful wound, which he bore with such composure as to excite the admiration of all who witnessed it.

That he was "a boy who was not afraid" the following incident aptly illustrates. One day he was out angling, and as with boyish glee he examined a fish safely landed, a huge eagle swooped down upon him, and seized the prize out of his hands. Nothing daunted Napier continued his sport, and on catching another fish, temptingly dangled it in the sight of the royal bird, who was watching events from an adjoining tree.

Recently much has been said about the age at which recruits are enlisted in the Queen's service, and the press has familiarized us with caustic criticisms upon our "boy soldiers." Matters are, however, scarcely so open for comment upon this score as they were in Napier's days. A squib, current at the time referred to, makes this apparent. The story ran, that the inquiring mamma, who had been disturbed one

morning by an uproar in the nursery, was reassured by the nonchalant explanation of the nursery maid, "Sure it's only the Major greeting for his porridge!"

Napier, when only twelve years old, obtained a commission in the 33rd (Duke of Wellington's) regiment, and was subsequently transferred to the 89th and 4th regiments successively. In 1799 he became aide-camp to Sir James Duff, which position he afterwards vacated to enter the rifle corps as a lieutenant. In 1806, he entered the 50th regiment as major, a capacity in which he was present at the battle of Corunna. Napier was severely wounded in this engagement, and after enduring an amount of pain and exposure which would have terminated the existence of any but a thoroughly abstemious man, he was taken prisoner by the French, and remained in captivity for upwards of three months.

His liberation was due to the noble generosity of Marshal Ney, who upon being informed that Napier's mother was widowed, aged, and blind, magnanimously ordered his release, for which act the Marshal subsequently incurred the serious displeasure of Napoleon.

We next read of Napier at the battle of Busaco, in which he received a dreadful wound. His upper jawbone was completely shattered, and he endured much agony for some time afterwards. In one of his letters he compares himself to General Kellarman, who had as many wounds as he was years old—thirty-two.

In 1811, Napier was promoted to a lieutenant-colonelcy, and embarked for Bermuda. Three years later he was once again in England studying the theory of his profession with his brother William, at the Military College, Farnham. In 1822 he was

appointed military governor of Cephalonia, and discharged the important duties of the office for about eight years. But the distinguishing circumstance of his life remains to be noticed.

India, whose history seems to be one continuous narrative of wars and rumours of wars, was the scene of the operation. In 1842, Napier, in the sixtieth year of his age, was appointed as major-general in command of the Indian Army within the Bombay presidency. Upon the conclusion of the Afghan war, the Ameers made sundry hostile demonstrations against British rule. Lord Ellenborough's policy led Napier to Scinde, and his brilliant successes there are well known. After the victories of Meanee and Hyderabad the province of Scinde was annexed, and Napier was appointed its first governor. His administration was not satisfactory to the East India Company and he returned home, but in 1849 was again sent out to reduce the Sikhs to submission. Meanwhile Lord Gough had secured the peace, but Napier was ordered to remain in India for a time as commander-in-chief. A disagreement with Lord Dalhousie, the governor-general, resulted in his return to England, and about two years afterwards he expired at his seat, Oaklands, Portsmouth, in August 1853, at the ripe old age of seventy-one.

The family motto of the Napiers is, "Ready, aye, ready!" and it would be easy to show that the inspiriting legend has characteristically shaped and moulded the actions of this warrior race. As a case in point, we may remark that in 1849-50 the Government was trammelled by the anxieties of the Sikh war. Lord Gough had been defeated, and England was

panic-stricken with the fear that India was being lost. The Duke of Wellington shared the feeling, and sent for Sir Charles Napier, saying, "You must go to India, or I will!" Sir Charles promptly obeyed the call; but happily before he reached India, Lord Gough had recovered his fame, and had routed the Sikhs.

Sir Charles remained in India some time, and recommenced his favourite work of reforming the army. His plans for the improvement and re-arrangement of the native forces were attended with conspicuous success. His own example of plain living was undoubtedly of great help to the good work. A writer competent to speak on this point says :—

"There can be no doubt that, if Sir Charles Napier was the sternest reformer, he was also the best friend whom the army—officers and privates—ever had. During his last two years in India, the abuses which he corrected, and the excesses which he restrained, were perfectly numberless. In this good work Sir Charles was no respecter of persons, and treated majors and colonels precisely as he did corporals and sergeants. The expensive habits of the mess he resolutely put an end to in every regiment under his control, and for the time, it is to be supposed, he suppressed gambling. Sir Charles's own manner of living was simple to severity. He was quite content to subsist upon the ordinary allowance of a soldier. He was a vigorous opponent of intemperance, strongly counselling entire abstinence from stimulating liquors, and as he practised what he preached, his injunctions came with double weight. Multiplicity of officers'

baggage was his abhorrence, and soldiers will long remember the indignant, and no less amusing than indignant diatribe, which Napier fulminated against trunks, portmanteaus, carpet bags, and all such abominations—contending that no officer on service has need of any luggage except a small knapsack, with a couple of shirts, as many socks, a second pair of shoes, some soap, and a tooth brush."

Sir Charles Napier was intensely a man of action; and "between the wars" devoted no small attention to literature: it has been well said of him, "Whenever he was not fighting with his sword, he was fighting with his pen, and a list of all his *brochures* would be as long as a list of his battles." "The Colonies," "Colonisation," "Military Law," "An Essay on the State of Ireland," are the titles of some of his trenchant pamphlets, and he also edited an edition of Count de Vigny's "Lights and Shades of Military Life." In his notes to this work, Sir Charles propounds a drastic reform in the method of dealing with drunken soldiers. He would have it enacted, "That in storming a town all soldiers found in a drunken state should be instantly shot!"

Happily the "more excellent way" is making sure progress. It was a brave word of cheer which Captain Graves (20th Hussars) gave at a meeting of the Church of England Temperance Society in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester. The gallant officer repudiated the term, "drunken soldiers," as applied to the army *en masse*, and amid prolonged applause said that there were now in the British army in India 10,886 avowed total abstainers.

Sir Charles Napier also edited a work by M. Elzéar

Blaze, entitled "Military Life in Bivouac, Camp, Garrison, Barrack," etc. The editor's notes to this book contain one or two incidental references to the temperance question, which are not without interest. In his remarks on Chapter II. of this work Sir Charles writes:—

"The description given of a French bivouac, in the second chapter, is very entertaining. I conclude that the picture is a correct one. But it does not describe an English bivouac; our soldiers do plunder, they do *drink horribly*, they do commit excesses of which the author accuses his countrymen: at the same time I must say, that I never saw British officers connive at, much less encourage, such conduct, without exciting disgust among their comrades, and drawing punishment upon themselves."

Then again, upon Chapter III., Sir Charles has something to say which may well be taken to heart by the civilian residents of garrison towns. For example, "No quarters are more trying, and more likely to injure discipline, than London and Windsor, where the Guards are usually quartered. The men are tempted night and day, and the black book of the household troops is no criterion by which to judge of their comparative merit."

The lapse of a quarter of a century does not appear to have brought much improvement in this respect. It is not long since an able military writer thus stated the case in the *Daily Chronicle*:—"The duties of the British Guardsman are irregular. During the London fashionable season the duties are somewhat harder than usual, owing to the guards of honour at drawing rooms and on levée days, reviews, and other

regimental parades. Even then he has much time on his hands, and it is to the circumstance of there being no out-door amusements in the immediate vicinity of their barracks, which throws them upon the streets of London and into places of temptation. This is obvious, and how it is to be overcome rests upon the Executive; but it certainly seems incumbent upon this Executive that very great endeavours should be made to compete with the out-door attractions of London, in which there is so great a temptation to drink or go astray in other ways. To this may be ascribed the unsteadiness of some of the men, who cannot stand against the temptation of so many offerings of drink in the numerous public-houses of London. This constant temptation generally grows upon many until they get to seek for it, and are from that time lost to every sense of regimental credit, and become alike troublesome to their officers and a source of annoyance to the public. The officers should be ever on the alert to compete with the attractions of London by striving to provide suitable and rational recreation for their men within the precincts of their barracks. Numbers would go to bed sober who otherwise, as often as they get out, return half-seas-over and get into trouble. This cannot be too strongly urged."

As we have already mentioned, Napier was a total abstainer, indeed, he was almost a vegetarian too—at all times a sparing consumer of animal food, he was frequently known to place himself under a strict vegetable diet. Of his devotion to temperance many instances are recorded.

For example, on reviewing his troops on the 11th

May, 1849, at Fort William, he said to the men of the 96th:—

"Let me give you a bit of advice—that is, *don't drink*. I know young men do not think much about advice from old men. They put their tongue in their cheek, and think they know a good deal better than the old cove who is giving them advice. But if you drink, you're done for. You will either be invalided or die. I know two regiments in this country, one drank, the other didn't drink. The one that didn't drink is one of the finest regiments, and has done as well as any regiment in existence. The one that did drink has been all but destroyed. For any regiment for which I have respect, and there is not one of the British Regiments whom I don't respect, I should always try and persuade them to keep from drinking. I know there are some who will drink in [illegible] officers, but such men will soon be in [illegible] that go in, in this country,

[illegible] upon public occasions that [illegible] testimony in favour of [illegible] set from his correspondence [illegible] style:—

[illegible] I have your letter. [illegible] your officers, [illegible] I am very [illegible] for everyone [illegible] there myself.

[illegible]

father is; but I would go far any day in the year to serve a Celbridge man, or any man from the barony of Salt, in which Celbridge stands; that is to say, if such a man behave himself like a good soldier, and not a *drunken* vagabond, like James J——e, whom you knew very well, if you are a Castletown man. Now, Mr. James N——y, as I am sure you are, and must be a remarkably *sober man, as I am myself*, or I should not have got on so well in the world as I have done, I say, as you are a remarkably *sober* man, I desire you to take this letter to your captain, and ask him to show it to your lieutenant-colonel, with my best compliments, to have you in his memory; and if you are a remarkably sober man, mind that, James N——y, *a remarkably sober man*, like I am, and in all ways fit to be a lance corporal, I will be obliged to him for promoting you now and hereafter. But if you are like James J——e, then I sincerely hope he will give you a double allowance of punishment, as you will deserve, for taking up my time, which I am always ready to spare for a good soldier, but not for a bad one. Now, if you behave well, this letter will give you a fair start in life; and if you do behave well, I hope soon to hear of your being a corporal. Mind what you are about, and believe me your well wisher,

"CHARLES NAPIER,

"*Major-General and Governor of Scinde.*"

Surely never was letter written which contained a more decisive testimony than this. Its recipient was not likely to forget the great lesson which its gallant author so forcibly drove home.

The concurrent opinion of many well-known officers strongly supports Sir Charles Napier's declaration as to the sad results of intemperance amongst soldiers. Colonel Roberts, 5th Fusiliers, says:—

"From what has come under my notice as a commanding officer, I consider nothing is so advantageous for the well-being of a battalion, both morally and physically, as the establishment of a total abstinence society. Most of the crimes in the army in India result from drinking to excess. Since the temperance movement commenced, the reduction of offences has been remarkable, and the health of the regiment much improved."

At the last annual meeting of the Bombay Temperance League, His Excellency the Governor said:—

"The basis of our power in India, as they all knew, rested upon our European soldiers. He ventured to assure them, as a man who was in constant communication with the highest military authorities in the country, that drink was the cause of the greater part of the military crime which was committed by the European army in India. If there was no drink the amount of crime amongst our European soldiers would be infinitesimally small and absolutely insignificant. Out of the large European army we had in India, there were some hundreds, absolutely some thousands, of good European soldiers who cost, he could hardly say exactly how much, to bring out to India, who were of priceless value to the safety and security of the country and Government, who were naturally brave and respectable men, brought up in happy homes in England, but who were now languishing in military prisons in different parts of the

country, and they might safely accept his assurance that out of every ten soldiers in prison, nine owed their disgrace and incarceration to drink."

Few incidents are more pathetic than the memorable scene which took place at Sir Charles Napier's funeral at Portsmouth. When the solemn words, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," were pronounced over the grave, not a few of the old soldiers present were unable to restrain their emotion. As soon as the service was concluded, Sir William Napier, his gallant brother in arms and kindred, turned to the mourners, and said, "Soldiers! there lies one of the best men—the best of soldiers—the best of Christians that ever lived! He served you faithfully, and you served him faithfully. God is just." The gallant officer could proceed no further, he had evidently intended to speak something at greater length, but was unable to command his grief.

In a letter, which was subsequently published, Sir William writes: "I meant to say that a great and good soldier was in his grave—a man who had from his earliest youth been a soldier; loving them, serving with them, fighting and bleeding with them, for the poor shattered body before them had seven deep wounds; but neither wounds, nor suffering, nor danger quelled his spirit. That was not in man's power. Death only could do it! That in his old age he commanded armies, and led them always to victory. Neither in youth, nor in manhood, nor in his aged years, did he ever cease to love, and cherish, and confide in soldiers; and never had he reason to repent, for never did they fail him, or any general who confided in them. And now they thronged

around his grave to do honour to the dead man whom, when living, they had by their courage, devotion, and discipline, raised to renown. He could not thank them, but I, who knew his inmost feelings, did so in his name, and beg of them to pray for him, and I will pray for them."

It is fitting that the national tribute to the brave Napier stands in Trafalgar Square, the most public place in all England. Here on either side of Nelson's column we find the statue of an Illustrious Abstainer, the one that of Havelock (the Hero of Lucknow), the other that of Napier (the Conqueror of Scinde). Upon our very thresholds drink, the destroyer, is yearly slaying its tens of thousands of victims, and that, too, with a more brutalising cruelty and desperate savagery than any known, even on the most sanguinary battle-fields. Let our daily prayer be for more soldiers, strong in faith, rich in love, undaunted in courage. "Ready, aye, Ready!" to resist the foe, until it shall be said in deed and in truth,

"Like a mighty army,
Moves the Church of God."

XVII.

DEAN HOOK,

A Model Worker.

XVII.

"Strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

TENNYSON.

ABOUT twelve months ago Mr. Gladstone delivered an address at Hawarden upon the life and character of Dean Hook, and in the course of his remarks the distinguished statesman said :—"If I were to be asked to say in one word what I think Dr. Hook to have been, I should answer that he was a hero. A hero is no less a hero because he is a Christian hero, or because he is a clerical hero. As I had conceived the idea that Dr. Hook was a hero, I felt myself bound to ascertain what were the qualities in which heroism is thought to consist. So I looked out the word 'hero' in Dr. Latham's Dictionary (which is, I believe, our best), and a 'hero' was there described as a man eminent for bravery. But I was not quite satisfied with that definition, because it seems to me that in the first place some men have been eminent for bravery, whose bravery was simply animal bravery; and in the second place, that there are many other kinds of excellence besides bravery which enter into the composition of heroism. I then turned to Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, and found there two definitions of heroism ; one 'a man eminent for bravery,' and the second 'a man of the highest class

in any respect.' That seems to be coming nearer the mark; but even there I must make a further limitation. It must not be 'in any respect;' it must be, I think, 'in a good respect.'"

After explaining his reasons for denying to the first Napoleon the heroic title, Mr. Gladstone added, "My idea of what really constitutes a hero is this. A hero is a man who must have ends beyond himself; who must have the power of casting himself, as it were, out of himself. And he must pursue these ends by means which are legitimate, by honourable, noble, and lawful means, otherwise he may degenerate into a wild enthusiast." Judged from this standard, the speaker claimed Dr. Hook as a hero, though he lived in smoky Leeds, and "though people who saw the incessant and even worrying detail of his work might think it was ludicrous to associate such work with the heroic rank and title."

Walter Farquhar Hook was born in Conduit Street, London, on March 13th, 1798, and was the eldest son of the Rev. Dr. James Hook, and a nephew of the celebrated humorist, Theodore Hook.

Some remarks which his mother wrote down respecting him for her own private use are striking proofs that, in *his* case, Wordsworth's memorable saying was true:

"The child is father to the man."

She describes him as fond of reading, inquisitive as to the meaning of what he read, persevering, and resolute in overcoming difficulties, with a strong idea of principle and warmth of religious feeling rare in one so young; but also shy and awkward, of an impulsive

temperament, easily exasperated by opposition, but with a keen sense of remorse.

His early childhood was spent at Hertingfordbury, one of his father's livings. At the age of nine years he was sent to a school at Hertford, which he soon afterwards left for another at Tiverton. His recollections of the latter were not pleasant, for the discipline was severe, the food scanty, and the teaching indifferent. In 1812 he was sent with a brother to Winchester School. He was fond of reading, but his predilections were solely for English authors. Shakespeare and Milton were his great favourites, and he would often neglect both classical studies and school sports in order to devote himself to the perusal of these.

For such neglect he frequently underwent punishment, and in one of his letters he expresses a fear that the numerous thrashings will be his death, in which case his books are to be sent to his brother, with the exception of his beloved Milton, which he desires to have buried with him. He was extremely muscular and vigorous, a bold swimmer, and capable of using his fists when occasion seemed to require it; *e.g.*, he once knocked a boy down for saying that Shakespeare was a fool.

In December 1817, he removed to Christ Church, Oxford, where, through the interest of his grandfather, he had obtained a studentship. He left Winchester without a pang of regret, except for the separation from his beloved friend, William Page Wood, afterwards Lord Hatherley.

His mode of life at Oxford much resembled that which he had pursued at Winchester. He selected

very few companions, and fought shy of the customary amusements and recreations of the University. Shakespeare and Milton still remained his favourite studies, and it has been aptly said of him, that "the most real companions of his solitary life were the characters of Shakespeare."

He took his degree in 1821, and the next consideration was the choice of a profession. Sir John Farquhar, his grandfather, was desirous that he should follow the Law, but this he refused to do, and in the end he was ordained to the curacy of Whippingham, in the Isle of Wight. Here he led a very happy life, divided between his pastoral duties and the prosecution of his favourite studies. Although he went more into society, he was still unable to conquer his old love of retirement. A curious instance of this is given in one of his letters. He says: "I started away to dine at Northwood in my best hosen and trowsers and best coat, but when I had walked half-way to Cowes, it occurred to me that it would be much preferable to return to my fireside and read Shakespeare, which I accordingly did."

In order to secure privacy, he erected a little wooden hut near the corner of the church, where he used to read. He once asked his uncle Theodore what he should call it. "I should call it Walter's Cot," was the reply of the ready punster.

In 1826, his father was appointed to the Deanery of Worcester, and shortly afterwards, the son accepted the curacy of Moseley, at that time a pleasant suburb of Birmingham. He remained there two years, and became extremely popular. During this period he also officiated as lecturer at St. Philip's, Birmingham,

and was fairly on the way to a prominent place in public life.

His next preferment was to the living of Holy Trinity, Coventry, and his withdrawal from Birmingham was marked by many expressions of hearty regret. About this time he married Anna, daughter of Dr. John Johnstone, a physician of high repute, with whom he had become acquainted in Birmingham. The union was a most happy one in every respect.

At Coventry, Mr Hook soon exerted a powerful influence. The Rev. W. R. Stephens, his biographer, furnishes several instances of the low ebb of the religious life of the town at the time to which we refer. For example: Mr. Hook found that it was the custom at vestry dinners to propose, as the first toast, "Trinity in Unity," which was considered as a pleasant punning allusion to the dedication of the Church to the Holy Trinity; and none seemed to perceive the profanity of the practice until he pointed it out, which he did with a force and sternness which few dared to disobey.

On one occasion a vestry meeting was so numerously attended, that it was adjourned from the vestry to the church. Several persons had their hats on. The vicar requested them to take them off, but they refused to comply. "Very well, gentlemen," he replied; "but remember that in this house, the insult is not to me, but to God;" and the hats were immediately taken off.

The improvement which he effected in the working of the general Church agencies of the parish was soon apparent. The Sunday Schools became his especial care, and his popularity among the scholars was

unbounded. Besides this he founded other useful institutions, some of which continue to the present day—such as a dispensary and a savings bank. In both of these he was opposed by different classes of persons: in the first by the doctors, and in the second by the bankers and brewers, but he finally triumphed over all, so much so, that to use the words of one of his older parishioners, "he was the beginning of everything in the town."

In 1837, he was appointed to the important Vicarage of Leeds. The agitation, known by the name of the "Tractarian Movement," at that time greatly disturbed churchmen, and Dr. Hook's known friendship with many of the reputed authors of the famous "Tracts for the Times," somewhat dimmed his popularity. In the midst of the controversy a meeting of the Church Pastoral Aid Society was held in Leeds, at which some of the speakers reflected so severely on Dr. Hook, that he was led to suppose that the meeting was a kind of demonstration against himself —an opinion shared by some of his friends, who, consequently, mustered strongly at a meeting for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, which was held shortly after, and received their Vicar with prolonged cheers. At a later period in the evening, he expressed what he thought should be the conduct of those whose views coincided with his own at the existing crisis of the Church. When he had proceeded a little way, the Bishop interrupted him, and suggested that he had better confine himself to the subject under consideration, *i.e.*, the promotion of Christian knowledge. Dr. Hook bowed to the opinion of his Diocesan: but he felt very deeply the rebuff which he had re-

ceived, and resolved on resigning his living, although he knew he must be considerably impoverished by so doing. Shortly afterwards the Bishop paid him a visit, and behaved with so much kindness and consideration, that the wound was in a great measure healed.

During his residence of twenty-two years in Leeds, twenty-one new churches, in addition to the parish church, which was rebuilt at a cost of forty thousand pounds, thirty-two parsonages, and more than sixty schools, were erected mainly through his instrumentality. Notwithstanding these labours, he found leisure for the production of numerous books, among which may be mentioned the "Ecclesiastical Biography," and the "Devotional Library." His pamphlet "On the Means of Rendering More Efficient the Education of the People," attracted considerable attention. During the education debates of ten years ago, it was alluded to by Mr. Forster and Mr. Gladstone, the latter remarking on "the sagacious forethought it displayed." When the Queen visited Leeds, Dr. Hook was unanimously chosen to present to Her Majesty an address from twenty thousand members of the various benefit societies; and when, at one time there was a large strike, the working men, having agreed to a compromise with their employers, appointed Dr. Hook their referee.

In 1859, Dr. Hook was nominated by Lord Derby to the Deanery of Chichester, an appointment which he held until his death in 1875. Here he commenced writing his great work, the "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury," several volumes of which he completed.

The Temperance movement, during the later years he spent in Leeds, had his personal support. It was his boast, that for more than thirty years he had "laboured in the manufacturing districts, not *for* the working classes, but *with them*, in the measures desired by *themselves* for the improvement of their class, and having for their object the formation of habits of temperance and prudence; and especially that he had worked *with* them in the cause of rational recreation and of education."

It was with a view to aid this wide and general step in the education of the masses that, late in life, he joined the Temperance movement, and became a total abstainer. At the Working-Men's meeting held in connection with the Church Congress at York in 1866, Dean Hook gave his oft-quoted testimony in favour of total abstinence. The Rev. Simon Sturges, whose earnest Temperance labours have made his name a household word, was present at the meeting, and has supplied me with the following authentic narrative of the incident:—

"Dr. Hook began his speech by saying that he had spent a great part of his life among working-men, and that he had a sincere esteem for them. He expressed much sympathy with them in the many trials and disappointments they had to endure, and then he said how greatly these trials and distresses might be reduced if they could make up their minds to put away the drink. 'In fact,' said the Doctor, 'I should like to see you all become teetotalers!' 'Be a teetotaler yourself,' shouted one of the audience. 'But I don't want to become a teetotaler,' replied the Doctor. (He laughed, and put forward his large

burly form, and it was most amusing). 'Why don't I wish to become a teetotaler?' continued the Dean, '*because I'm one already.* What made me a teetotaler? Well, I'll tell you.

"'I had in my parish at Leeds a man who earned 18s. a week; out of this he used to give 11s. to his wife to maintain herself and three children, and to spend the rest in drink; but for all that he was a good sort of man. I went to him and said, "Now, suppose you abstain altogether for six months." "Well, if I do, *will you,* sir?" was his reply. "Yes," I said, "I will." "What," said he, "from beer, from spirits, and from wine?" "Yes. And how shall I know if you keep your promise?" "*Why, sir, you ask my 'Missus,' and I'll ask yourn.*" It was agreed between us for six months at first, and he came to me at the end of the term and said, "Doctor, have you kept your Temperance pledge?" "Yes," was the answer. "Well," the man said, "and so have I, but I mean to have a good bout to-night." "No," I replied, "you mustn't do that, we must shake hands for another six months." After a great deal of persuasion I induced the man to do it. He never resumed the bad habit that he had left off; and he is now a prosperous and happy man in business at St. Petersburgh, and I am Dean of Chichester.'"

This incident has been quoted times without number, in illustration of the power of personal sympathy as a factor in the reclamation of the intemperate; and, while we cannot but regret that the Dean was not drawn into closer connection with the Temperance movement, it is but simple justice to acknowledge that many earnest workers, more particularly clergy-

men, have been drafted into the ranks as a positive result of his telling testimony.

The Poet Laureate's recent splendid contribution to Temperance literature, "The Northern Cobbler," seems to me to command the special approbation of every abstainer for the emphasis which it lays upon the duty of extending warm-hearted brotherly sympathy to the reformed drunkard in the early stages of his total abstinence. Dean Hook himself might have been the original of "the good parson," who went out of his way to express his glowing admiration of the Cobbler's determination to keep the old "enemy" closely corked up in the bottle in his window :—

"'Thou'rt but a Methody-man,' says Parson, and laäys down 'is 'at,
An' 'e points to the bottle o' gin, 'but I respecks tha fur that.'"

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